XG
.3971
.32

Accessions
149,473

Shelf No.
XG.3971.32

Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

The Tragœdy of
ROLLO
Duke of Normandy.

ACTED BY HIS
Majesties Servants.

Written by
JOHN FLETCHER
Gent.

OXFORD,
Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD
Printer to the Universitty.
ANNO 1640.

XG
.3971
.32

The Names of the Actors.

Rollo } *Sonnes to the deceased Duke of Normandy.*
Otto }
Aubrey, *Kinsman to Rollo.*

Gisbert } *Two Counsellors of State.*
Balwin, }
Latorch, *Favorite to Rollo.*
Hamond, *Captaine of the Guard.*
Allan, *His brother.*

Granpree } *Servants to Rollo.*
Verdon, }
Trevite, } *Servants to Otto.*
Du Prette, }

Cittizens. } Cooke.
Guard. } Butler.
Servants. } Pantler.
Boyes. } Yeoman of the Cellar.

Russee. }
De Bubie. }
La-Fiske. } *Cheaters.*
Norbret. }
Pipeane. }

Sophia, *The old Dutchesse.*
Matilda, *Her daughter.*
Edith, *Daughter to Baldwin.*

149.473
May 1873

THE TRAGOEDY OF ROLLO

Duke of NORMANDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

Baldw. THe brothers then are met?
Gisb. They are.
Baldw. Tis thought they may be re-
Gisb. Tis rather wish'd. (concil'd.
For such whose reason doe direct their thoughts
Without selfe flattery, dare not hope it *Baldwin:*
The fires of love which the dead Duke believ'd
His equall care of both would have united,
Ambition hath divided; and there are
Too many on both parts that know they cannot
Or rise to wealth or honour, their maine ends,
Vnlesse the tempest of the Princes fury
Make troubled Seas, and those Seas yeeld fit Billowes
To heave them up; and these are too well practis'd
In their bad arts to give way to a calme,
Which yeelding rest to good men proves their ruine.
Bald. And in the shipwrack of their hopes and fortunes

The Dukedome might be sav'd, had it but ten
That stood affected to the generall good,
With that confirm'd zeale which brave *Aubrey* does.
Gisb. He is indeed the perfect character of a good man,
And so his actions speak him.
Bald. And did you observe the many doubts & cautions
the brothers stood upon before they met?
Gisb. I did, and yet that ever brothers should
Stand on more nice termes then sworne enemies
After a war proclaimd would with a stranger,
Wrong the reporters credit; they saluted
At distance, and so strong was the suspicion
Each had of other, that before they durst
Embrace, they were by severall servants searcht,
As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes
Tane openly by both, fearing the roome
Appointed for the enterview was poysoned;
The chaires and cushions with like care surv ai'd,
And in a word, in every circumstance
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Then to be fear'd, concord can never joyne
Mindes so divided.
Baldw. Yet our best endeavours
Should not be wanting *Gisbert*.
Gisb. Neither shall they, *Enter Granpree and Verdon.*
But what are these?
Baldw. They are without my knowledge,
But by their manners and behaviours
They should expresse themselves.

Scena 2.

Gisbert, Baldwin, Granpree, Verdon.

Gran. Since we serve *Rollo*
The eldest Brother, weel be R*ollians*,
Who will maintaine us as brave as R*omans*
You stand for him?
Verd. I doe.

Gran;

Gran. Why then obſerve,
How much the buſineſſe, the ſo long'd for buſineſſe,
By men that are nam'd from their ſwords concernes you:
Lechery, our common friend, ſo long kept under
With whips and beating fatall hemp ſhall riſe;
And baudry in a French-hood ſhall plead before her
Where it ſhall be concluded, after twelve
Virginity ſhall be carted.
Verd. Excellent!
Gran. And Hell but grant the quarrell thats betweene
The Princes may continue, and the buſineſſe
That's of the ſword, t'outlaſt three ſutes in law.
And we will make Atturneys lans prizadoes,
And our brave Gown-men practiſers of back-ſword,
The pewter of all Serjeants Maces ſhall be melted
And turn'd into common Flaggons,
In which it ſhall be lawfull to carrouſe
To their moſt lowſey fortunes.
Baldw. Here's a ſtatesman!
Gran. A Creditor ſhall not dare but by petition
To make demand of any debt, and that
Only once every leap yeare, in which if
The debtor may be won for a French Crown
To pay a ſouſe, he ſhall be regiſtred
His benefactor.
Verd. The Chancellour heares you.
Gran. Feare not, I now dare ſpeak as lowd as he,
And will be heard and have all that I ſpeak law.
Have you no eyes? there's a reverence due
From children of the gowne to men of faction.
Giſb. How's this?
Gran. Ev'n ſo, the times, the times are chang'd,
All buſineſſe is not now prefer'd in parchment,
Nor ſhall a grant paſſe which wants this broad ſeale,
This ſeale, doe you ſee? your gravity once laid
My head and heeles together in the dungeon
For cracking a ſcald officers crowne, for which
A time is come for vengeance and expect it,

For know you have not full three houres to live.

Gisb. Yes somewhat longer.

Gran. To what end?

Gisb. To hang you, think on that Ruffion.

Gran. For you Schoolemaster, you have a pretty daughter; let me see,

Neere three a clock, by which time I much feare
I shall be tir'd with killing some five hundred,
Provide a bath, and her to entertaine me.
And that shall be your ransome.

Baldw. Impudent raskall!

SCENA 3.

Enter to them Trevile, and Duprete.

Gisb. More of the crue.

Gran. What are you *Rollians*?

Trevile. No: this for *Rollo* and all such as serve him:
We stand for *Otto*.

Gran. You seeme men of fashion,
And therefore ile deale fairely, you shall have
The honour this day to be chronicled
The first men kill'd by *Granpree*; you see this sword,
A prettie foolish toy, my valours servant,
And I may boldly say a Gentleman,
It having made when it was *Charlemaines*
Three thousand Knights; this Sir shall cut your throat,
And doe you all faire service else.

Tre. I kisse your hands for the good offer: here's another
The servant of your servant, which shall be proud
To be scowr'd in your sweet guts, till when,
Pray you command me.

Exeunt omnes praeter Gisbert & Baldwin.

Gran. Your Idolater Sir.

Gish. That ever such
Should hold the names of men!
Or justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such roots up.

Baldw. Yet they are protected, and by the great ones.

Gisb. Not the good ones *Baldwin*.

SCENA

SCENA. 4.

Aubrey, Gilbert, Baldwin.

Aub, Is this a time to be spent thus by such
That are the principall ministers of the State?
When they that are the heads have fill'd the Court
With factions, a weake woman only left
To stay their bloudy hands? can her weake arme
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was? O *Gisbert* the faire tryalls
And frequent proofes which our late Maister made
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance
To choose you at his death to be a Guardian, nay
A Father of his Sonnes, and that great trust
How ill doe you discharge? I must be plaine
That at the best y'are a sad looker on
Of those bad practises you should prevent.
And where's the use of your Philosophy
In this so needfull time? be not secure,
For *Baldwin* be assur'd since that the Princes
When they were young and apt for any forme,
Were given to your instruction and grave ordering,
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will be imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in me my Lord to alter nature.

Gisb. Nor can my Counsells work on thē that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Aub. Doe these answers sort
Or with your place or persons? or your years?
Can *Gisbert* being the piller of the Lawes
See them trod under foot, or forc't to serve
The Princes unjust ends, and with a frowne
Be silenc'd from exclaiming on the abuse,
Or *Baldwin* only weepe the desperate madnesse
Of his seduced Pupills? See those minds
Which with good arts he labour'd to build up,

Examples

Examples of ſucceeding times oreturn'd
By undermineing Paraſites; no one precept
Leading to any act, or great or good
But is forc'd from their memory, in whoſe roome
Black Counſailes are receiv'd and their retirements
And ſeeret conference, produceing only
Diveliſh deſignes, a man would ſhame to father.
But I talke when I ſhould doe, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

Scena 5.

Rollo, Latoreh, Trevile, Granpree, Otto, Verdon, Duprete, Gisbert, Baldwin, Aubrey.

Gisb. See't confirm'd:
Now doe or never ſpeak more,
We are yours.

Rollo: You ſhall know who I am.

Otto: I doe, my equall.

Rol. Thy Prince, give way, were we alone ide force thee
In thy beſt bloud to write thy ſelfe my ſubject,
And glad I would receive it.

Aub. Sir.

Gisb. Deare Lord.

Otto. Thy ſubject?

Rol. Yes, nor ſhall tame patience hold mee
A minute longer, only halfe my ſelfe,
My birth gave me this Dukedome, and my ſword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her boſome, ere I part with
A peece of Earth, or title that is mine.

Otto. I need it not, and would ſcorne to receive
Though offer'd what I want not, therefore know
From me though not deliver'd in great words,
Eies red with rage, poore pride, and threatning action;
Our father at his death, then when no accent
Wer't then a ſonne could fall from him in vaine,
Made us co-heires, our part of land and honours
Of equall waight, and to ſee this confirm'd
The oath of theſe is yet upon record,

Who

Who though they ſhould forſake me, and call downe
The plagues of perjury on their ſinfull heads,
I would not leave my ſelfe.
Treu. Nor will we ſee the will of the dead Duke in-
Lator. Nor I fring'd.)
The elder rob'd of what's his right.
Granp. Nor you?
Let me take place I ſay I will not ſee it,
My ſword is ſharpeſt.
Aub. Peace you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame,
Which will conſume you.
Roll. You are troubleſome, *to Baldwin.*
This is no time for Arguments, my title
Needs not your ſchoole defences, but my ſword
With which the Gordian of your Sophiſtry
Being cut, ſhall ſhew the Impoſture for your lawe. *to Giſ.*
It is in me to change them as I pleaſe,
I being above them (*Gisbert*)
Would you have me protect them?
Let them then now ſtretch their extreameſt rigour,
And ſeize upon that Traitor, and your tongue
Make him appeare firſt dangerous and then odious,
And after under the pretence of ſafety
For the ſick State, the Lands and Peoples quiet,
Cut off his head, and I le give up my ſword,
And fight with them at a more certaine weapon
To kill, and with authority.
Gisb. Sir I graunt,
The Lawes are uſefull weapons, but found out
To aſſure innocence not to oppreſſe.
Roll. Then you conclude him innocent?
Gisb. The power your father gave him, muſt not prove (a crime.
Aub. Nor ſhould you ſo receive it.
Bald. To which purpoſe,
All that dare challenge any part in goodneſſe
Will become Suppliants to you.
Roll. Such have none,

That dare move mee in this, hence, I defy you
Be of his party, bring it to your lawes,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular foole:
Your morrall rules of justice, and her ballance.
I stand on my owne Guard.
Otto. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enimies; by the memory
Of him whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes with an impious hand,
Thou throwst out to contempt, in thy repineing
At his so just decree; thou art unworthy
Of what his last will, not thy merit gave thee,
That art so swolne within, with all those mischiefes
That ere made up a Tyrant, that thy brest
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them
But that they break forth, and in thy owne words
Discover, what a monster they must serve,
That shall acknowledge thee.
Rol. Thou shalt not live
To be so happy.
Aub. Nor your misery
Begin in murder; duty, allegeance.
And all respect of what you are forsake mee.
Doe you stare ons? is this a theater?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to manfencers,
To make you sport? keepe them asunder, or
By Heaven Ile charge on all.
Gran. Keepe the peace,
I am for you my Lord, and if you'l have me
Ile act the Constables part.
Aub. Live I to see this!
Will you doe that your Enimies dare not wish,
And cherish in your selves those furies which
Hell would cast out? doe, I am ready, kill me,
And these that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason
And make you men againe, which now you are not.
Rol. These are your bucklers boy,

Offers his sword at Otto, the faction joyneing Aubrey between severs the Brothers.

Otto

Otto. My hinderances,
And were I not confirm'd, my justice in
The taking of thy life, could not waigh downe
The wrong, in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these, whose goodnesse only now protects thee.
Thou should'st feele, I in act would prove my selfe
What thou in words dost labour to appeare.

Rol. Heare this and talke againe, Ile break through all
But I will reach thy heart.

Otto. Tis better guarded.

Scæna. 6.

Sophia, Rollo, Otto and the rest.

Soph. Make way or I will force it, who are these
My sonnes, my shames; turne all your swords on mee.
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnaturall quarrell finde a grave
In the unhappy wombe that brought you forth.
Dare you remember that you had a Mother,
Or looke on these gray haires, made so with teares
For both your goods, and not with age, and yet
Stand doubtfull to obay hers? from me you had
Life, nerves and faculties to use those weapons,
And dare you raise them against her, to whome
You owe the meanes of being what you are?

Otto. All peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this warre then?
As if your armes could be advanc'd, and I
Not set upon the wracks, your blood is mine
Your danger's mine, your goodnesse I should share in,
And must be branded with those impious markes
You stamp on your owne foreheads, and on mine
If you goe on thus: for my good name therefore
Though all respects of honour in your selves
Are in your fury choakt, throw downe your swords.
Your duty should be swifter then my tongue,
And joyne your hands while they are innocent,
You have heat of blood and youth apt to ambition.

To plead an easy pardon for what's past;
But all the ills beyond this houre committed,
From Gods or men must hope for no excuse.
Gish. Can you heare this unmov'd?
Aub. No Syllable
Of this so pious charme, but should have power
To frustrate all the juggling deceipts
With which the Divell blindes you.
Otto. I begin to melt, I know not how.
Rol. Mother, Ile leave you,
And Sir, be thankfull for the time you live
Till wee meet next, (which shall be soone and suddaine)
To her perswasion for you.
Soph. O yet stay,
And rather then part thus, vouchsafe me hearing
As enimies, how is my soule divided!
My love to both is equall as my wishes,
But are return'd by neither, my griev'd heart
Hold yet a litle longer, and then break;
I kneele to both, and will speak so, but this
Takes the authority of a Mothers power,
And therefore like my selfe, *Otto* to thee,
And yet observe sonne, how thy Mothers teares
Out strip her forward words to make way for 'em,
Thou art the younger *Otto*, yet be now
The first example of obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my love.
Otto. The meanes to be so happy?
Soph. This, yeeld up thy sword,
And let thy pietie give thy mother strength
To take that from thee, which no enimies force
Could ere dispoile thee of. why dost thou tremble?
And with a fearefull eye fixt on thy brother,
Observ'st his ready sword as bent against thee?
I am thy armour and will be pierc't through
Ten thousand times before I will give way
To any perill may arrive at thee,
And therefore feare not.
Otto. Tis not for my selfe

But

But for you Mother; you are now engag'd
In more then lies in your unqueſtion'd vertue.
For ſince you have diſarm'd me of defence,
Should I fall now, though by his hand, the world
May ſay it was your practiſe.
Soph. All worlds periſh
Before my pietie turnes treaſons parent.
Take it againe, and ſtand upon your guard,
And while your brother is, continue arm'd.
And yet this feare is needleſſe, for I knowe
My *Rollo*, though he dares as much as man,
So tender of his yet untainted valour,
So noble, that he dares doe nothing baſely.
You doubt him, he feares you, I doubt and feare
Both, for others ſafety not my owne.
Know yet my ſonnes when of neceſſity
You muſt deceive or be deceiv'd, 'tis better
To ſuffer treaſon then to act the traytor;
And in a war like this, in which the glory
Is his that's overcome, conſider then
What 'tis for which you ſtrive, is it the Dukedome,
Or the command of theſe ſo ready ſubjects?
Deſire of wealth, or whatſoere elſe
Fires your ambition? 'tis ſtill deſperate madneſſe,
To kill the people which you would be Lords of,
With fire and ſword to lay that countrey waſt,
Whoſe rule you ſeek for, to conſume the treaſures
Which are the ſinewes of your government,
In cheriſhing the factions that deſtroy it.
Far, far be this from you, make it not queſtion'd,
Whither you can have intereſt in that Dukedome,
Whoſe ruine both contend for.
Otto. I deſire
But to enjoy my owne which I will keep.
Rollo. And rather then poſteritie ſhall have cauſe
To ſay I ruin'd all, divide the Dukedome,
I will accept the moietie.
Otto. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first or teare me limb by limb,
And let them find as many severall graves
As there are Villages in *Normandy*,
And 'tis lesse sinne, then so to weaken it.
To heare it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead Lord, and almost blaspheme
Those powers which heard my prayers for fruitfulnesse,
And did not with my first birth close my wombe.
To me alone, my second blessing proves my first,
My first of misery, for if heaven
That gave me *Rollo*, there had staid his bounty,
And *Otto* my deere *Otto* nere had been,
Or being, had not been so worth my love,
The streame of my affection had run constant
In one faire current, all my hopes had been
Laid up in one, and fruitfull *Normandy*
In this division had not lost her glories.
For as 'tis now 'tis a faire dyamond
Which being preserv'd intire exceeds all value,
But cut in peeces, (though these peeces are
Set in fine gold by the best workmans cunning)
Parts with all estimation: so this Dukedome
As tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may covet
But cannot compasse, which divided will
Become the spoile of every barbarous foe
That will invade it.

Gisb. How this workes in both!

Baldw. Prince *Rolloes* eyes have lost their fire.

Gisb. And anger, that but ev'n now wholly possessed
Good *Otto*, hath given place to pitty.

Anb. End not thus Madam,
But perfect whats so well begun.

Soph. I see in both faire signes of reconcilement
Make them sure proofes they are so: the fates offer
To your free choice, either to live examples
Of piety or wickednesse, if the latter
Blinds so your understanding that you cannot
Pierce through her painted outside, and discover

That

That she is all deformitie within,
Boldly transcend all presidents of mischiefe,
And let the last and the worst act of tyrannies,
The murther of a Mother but begin
The Scene of bloud; you after are to heighten;
But if that vertue and her sure rewards
Can win you to accept her for your guide,
To lead you up to heaven and there fix you
The fairest starre in the bright sphere of honour,
Make me the parent of a hundred sonnes
All brought into the world with joy not sorrow,
And every one a Father to his countrey
In being now made mother of your concord.

Rollo. Such and so good loud fame for ever speak you.

Bald. I, now they meet like brothers.

Gisb. My hearts joy

Flowes through my eyes.

Aub. May never womans tongue

Hereafter be accus'd, for this ones goodnesse.

Otto. If we contend, from this houre it shall be
How to orecome in brotherly affection.

Rollo. *Otto* is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo Otto*,
Or as they have one minde, rather one name,
From this attonement let our lives begin,
Be all the rest forgotten.

Aub. Spoke like *Rollo*.

Soph. And to the honour of this reconcilement
We all this night will at a publique feast
With choice wines drowne our late feares,
And with Musick welcome our comforts.

Baldw. Sure and certaine ones.

Soph. Supported thus I am secure o sonnes,
This is your Mothers triumph.

Rollo. You deserve it.

Gran. Did ever such a hop'd for businesse end thus?

Verd. Tis fatall to us all, and yet you *Granpree*
Have the least cause to feare,

Gran. Why, what's my hope?

Exeunt omnes præt. Granpre, Verdon, Trevile, Dupr.

Verd.

Verd. The certainty that you have to be hang'd;
You know the Chancellours promiſe.

Gran. Plague upon you.

Verd. What think you of a bath, and a Lords daughter
To entertaine you?

Gran. Thoſe deſires are of fraile thoughts:
All friends, no *Rollions* now, nor *Ottoes*,
The ſeverall curteſies of our ſwords and ſervants
Deferr till after conſequence: let's make uſe
Of this nights freedome, a ſhort Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawfull to walk freely,
Nay to our drink we ſhall have meat too, and thats
No uſuall buſineſſe to the men 'oth ſword.
Drink deep with me to night, we ſhall to morrow
Or whip or hang the merrier.

Trev. Lead the way then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Latorch and Rollo.

Lator. Why ſhould this trouble you?

Rollo. It does and muſt doe,
Till I finde eaſe.

Lator. Conſider then and quickly,
And like a wiſe man take the current with you
Which once turn'd head will ſink you.
Bleſt occaſion offers it ſelfe in thouſand ſafeties to you,
Time ſtanding ſtill to point you out your purpoſe,
And reſolution (the true child of vertue)
Ready to execute: what dull cold weakneſſe
Has crept into your boſome, whoſe meere thoughts
Like tempeſts ploughing up the ſoyling Forreſts
Ev'n with their ſwing were wont to ſhake down hazards,
What iſt your mothers teares?

Rollo. Prethee be patient.

Lator. Her hands held up, her prayers, or her curſes?
O Power of prayer dropt through by a woman.
Take heed the Souldiers ſee it not, 'tis miſerable
In *Rollo*, below miſerable, take heed your friends
The ſinewes of your cauſe, the ſtrength 'you ſtir by,
Take heed I ſay, they finde it not; take heed

Your

Your own repentance(like a passing bell)
Too late and too lowd tell the world you are perish'd.
What noble spirit eager of advancement,
Whose imployment is his plough, what sword whose sharp-
Waits but the arme to weild it, or what hope (nesse
After the world has blowne abroad this weakenesse
Will move againe, or make a wish for *Rollo?*

Rollo. Are we not friends againe, by each oath ratified
Our tongues the Heralds of our hearts?

Lat. Poore hearts then.

Rollo. Our worthier friends.

Lat. No friends Sir to your honour,
Friends to your fall, where is your understanding
The noble vessell that your full soule sail'd in,
Rib'd round with honours, where is that? tis ruin'd,
The tempest of a womans sighes hath sunk it.
Friendship, take heed Sir, is a smiling harlot
That when she kisses, kisses a soder'd friendship
Peec'd out with promises; ô painted ruine!

Rollo. *Latorch*, he is my brother.

Lat. The more doubted,
For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame Tiger,
May fawne and sport, but never leave his nature.
The jarres of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Are like a small stone throwne into a river,
The breath scarce heard, but view the beaten current
And you shall see a thousand angry rings
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
So jarres circling in distrusts, distrusts pull down dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreame shadow
Till nothing bound them but the Showers, their graves.
There is no manly wisdome nor no safety
In leaning to this league, this peece patcht friendship,
This rear'd up reconcilement on a billow
Which as he tumbles, totters down your fortune.
Ist not your own you reach at? law and nature
Vshring the way before you, is not he borne and
Bequeath'd your subject?

Rollo. Ha?

Lat. What foole would give a ſtorme leave to diſturb him
When he may ſhut the caſement? can that man
Has woon ſo much upon you by your pitty,
And drawne ſo high, that like an ominous Comet
He darkens all your light, can this couch'd Lyon
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell pawes
Craftily humming like a Cat to cozen you)
But ambition whets him and time fits him,
Leap to his prey, and ſeiz'd once, ſuck your heart out?
Doe you make it conſcience?

Rollo. Conſcience *Latorch*? what's that?

Lat. A teare they tye up fooles in: natures coward,
Taſting the bloud and chilling the full ſpirits
With apprehenſion of meere cloudes and ſhadowes.

Rollo. I know no conſcience, nor I feare no ſhadowes.

Lat. Or if you did, if there were conſcience,
If the free ſoule could ſuffer
The fiery minde, ſuch puddle to put it out,
Muſt it needs like a rank vine run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our happineſſe
Honour and rule, and there ſit ſhaking of us?

Rollo. It ſhall not nor it muſt not: I am ſatisfied,
And once more am my ſelfe againe.
My mothers teares and womaniſh cold prayers
Farewell, I have forgot yee: If there be conſcience,
Let it not come betwixt a Crowne and me,
Which is my hope of bliſſe, and I believe it
Otto, our friendſhip thus I blowe to ayre
A bubble for a boy to play withall,
And all the vowes my weakneſſe made like this,
Like this poore heartleſſe ruſh, I rend a peeces.

Lat. Now you goe right Sir, now your eyes are open.

Rollo. My Fathers laſt petition's dead, as he is,
And all the promiſes I cloſ'd his eyes with,
In the ſame grave I bury.

Lat. Now you are a man Sir.

Rollo, Otto thou ſhewſt my winding ſheet before me,

Which

Which ere I put it on, like heavens blest fire
In my descent ile make it blush in bloud.
A crowne, a crowne, ô sacred rule now fire me,
Nor shall the pitty of thy youth false brother,
Although a thousand Virgins kneele before me,
And every dropping eye a Court of mercy,
The same bloud with me, nor the reverence
Due to my Mothers blessed wombe, that bred us
Redeem thee from my doubts: thou art a woolfe here
Fed with my feares, and I must cut thee from me,
A crowne, a crowne, ô sacred rule now fire me,
No safety else.

Lat. But be not too much stirr'd Sir,
Nor too high in your execution; swallowing waters
Run deep and silent till they are satisfied,
And smile in thousand curles, to guild their craft,
Let your sword sleep, and let my two-edg'd wit work,
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendship
shall be his last.

Rollo. How my *Latorch?*

Lat. Why thus Sir.
Ile presently goe dive into the Officers
That minister at Table, gold and goodnesse
With promise upon promise, and time necessary
Ile poure into 'em.

Rollo. Canst thou doe it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone and such a bait it shall be
Shall take off all suspition.

Rollo. Goe and prosper.

Lat. Walk in then and your smoothest face put on Sir.

Exeunt.

Scœna 2,

Enter the Mr Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a Iack of beere and a dish.

Cooke. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot boyes,
Give me some drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter.
Body a me I am dry still, give me the Iack boy,
This wooden skiffe holds nothing.

Pant. And faith maſter,
What brave new meats, for here will be old eating?

Cook. Old and young boy, let em all eat, I have it,
I have ballaſſe for their bellies, if they eat, a Gods name
Let em have ten tire of teeth a peece, I care not.

Butl. But what new rare munition?

Cook. Peuh a thouſand;
Ile make yee Pigs ſpeak French at table, and a fat Swan
Come ſculing out of England with a challenge.
Ile make yee a diſh of Calves feet dance the Canaries,
And a conſort of cram'd Capons fiddle to em.
A Calves head ſpeak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larkes
Riſe from the diſh, and ſing all ſupper time;
Tis nothing boyes, I have fram'd a fortification,
Out of Rye paſt, which is impregnable,
And againſt that for two long houres together,
Two dozen of maribones ſhall play continually.
For Fiſh ile make ye a ſtanding lake of White-broth,
And Pikes come ploughing up the plumbes before 'em.
Arion on a Dolphin playing Lachrimæ,
And brave King *Herring* with his oyle and onyon
Crownd with a leomon pill, his way prepar'd
with his ſtrong guard of pilchers.

Pant I marry maiſter.

Cook. All theſe are nothing, ile make ye a ſtubble gooſe
Turne oth toe thrice, doe a croſſe point preſently
And then ſit downe againe, and cry, come eate mee.
Theſe are for mirth, now Sir, for matter of mourning
Ile bring ye in the lady loyne of Veale
With the long love ſhe bore the Prince of Orenge.

Omn. Thou boy, thou!

Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeo. Sel. What's that good maſter?

Cook. Tis a ſacrifice, a full vine bending like an Arch,
And under the blowne god Bacchus ſitting on a hogs-head
his altar heere, before that a plump Vintner,
Kneeling and offering incenſe to his Deity,
Which ſhall be only this, red ſpratts and pilchers. *But.*

But. This when the Tables drawne, to draw the wine in.
Cook. Thou hast it right;
And then comes thy Song butler.
Pant. This will be admirable.
Yeo. Sel. O sir, most admirable.
Cook. If you'l have the paste speak, 'tis in my power,
I have fire enough to worke it, come stand close,
And now rehearse the Song it may be perfect,
The drinking song, and lay I were the Brothers.

The Song.

Drinke to day and drowne all sorrow,
You shall perhaps not doe it to morrow.
Best while you have it use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure gainst age but it.
It helps the head-ach, cough and tisick,
And is for all diseases Physick.

Then let us swill boyes for our health,
Who drinkes well loves the common wealth.
And he that will to bed goe sober,
Falls with the leafe still in October.

Finis.

Well have you borne your selves, a red-deere pye boies,
And that no leane one, I bequeath your vertues.
What friends hast thou to day, no Cittizens?
Pant. Yes father the old Crew.
Cook. By the Masse true, wenches
Sirrha, set by a choine of beefe and a hot pastie,
And let the jole of Sturgion be corrected,
And doe you marke sir, stalke me to a Pheasant,
And see and yee can shoote her into the Seller.
Pant. Godamercy dad,

Send me thy roaring bottles,
And with such Nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.
Mounsieur *Latorch*, what newes within? *Enter Lator.*

Lator. Save ye,
Save ye maister, save ye Gentlemen,
You are casting for this preparation,
This joyfull supper for the royall brothers?
I'me glad I have met yee fitly, for to your charge
My bountifull brave Butler, I must deliver
A beavy of young lasses, that must looke on
This daies solemnity, and see the two Dukes
Or I shall loose my credit, you have stowage.

Butl. For such freight ile finde roome, & be your servāt.

Cook. Bring 'em, they shall not starve here, ile send 'em victualls (sir.

Shall worke you a good turne, though it be ten daies hence

Lator. Godamercy noble maister.

Cook. Nay ile doe't.

Yeo. Sel. And Wine they shall not want, let 'em drink like ducks.

Lator. What misery it is that mindes so royall,
And such most honest bounties as yours are,
Sould be confin'd thus to uncertainties?

Butl. I, were the State once setled, then we had places.

Yeo. sel. Then we could shew our selves and helpe our friends sir.

Cook. I then there were some savour in't, where now
We live betweene two stooles, every hower ready
To tumble on our Noses, and for ought we know yet
For all this supper, ready to fast the next day.

Lator. I would faine speake to you out of pitty,
Out of the love I beare you, out of honesty,
For your own goods, nay for the generall blessing.

Cook. And we would as fain hear you, pray goe forward.

Lator. Dare yee but think to make your selves up certainties,
Your places and your credits ten times doubled
The Princes favour *Rolloes*?

Butl.

Butl. A sweet gentleman.

Yeo.sel. I, and as bounteous if he had his right too.

Cook. By th'masse a royall gentleman indeed boies,
Hee'l make the Chimnies smoake.

Lator. He would doe friends,
And you too, if he had his right, true Courtiers,
What could ye want then? dare yee?

Cook. Pray be short sir.

Lator. And this my soule upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts.

Cook. Dare not me Monsieur,
For I that feare neither fire nor water sir,
Dare doe enough a man would think.

Yeo.sel. Beleeve't sir,
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You shall not finde us flinchers.

Lator. Then ile be suddaine.

Pant. What may this meane, and whether would he drive us?

Lator. And first for what you must doe, because all dāger
Shall be apparently ti'de up and muzzel'd,
The matter seeming mighty, there's your pardons.

Pant. Pardons? is't come to that? good god defend us.

Lator. And here's five hūdred crowns in bounteous earnest.
And now behold the matter. *Lator gives each a paper.*

Butl. What are these Sir?

Yeo.sell. And of what nature? to what use?

Lator. Imagine.

Cook. Will they kill rats? they eat my pies abhominably,
Or worke upon a woman, cold as Christmasse?
I have an old jade sticks upon my fingers,
May I taste 'em?

Lator. Is your will made?
And have you said your prayers? for they'l pay ye,
And now to come to you for your knowledge,
And for the good you never shall repent yee,
If ye be wisemen now.

Cook. Wise as you will sir,

Lator.

Lator. These must be put then into the severall meats
Young *Otto* loves, by you into his wine sir,
Into his bread by you, by you into his linnen.
Now if you desire, ye have found the meanes
To make yee, and if ye dare not ye have
Found your ruine, resolve me ere you goe.
Butl. You'l keep faith with us?
Lator. May I no more see light else.
Cook. Why 'tis done then.
Butl. Tis done.
Pant. Tis done which shall be undone.
Lator. About it then, farewell, ye are all of one mind?
Cook. All.
Omn. All, all.
Lator. Why then, all happy. *Exit.*
But. What did we promise him?
Yeo. sel. Doe you aske that now?
Butl. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pant. Ile tell yee,
It is to be all villaines knaves and traitors.
Cook. Fine wholsome titles,
But. But if we dare goe forward.
Cook. We may be hang'd drawd & quartred.
Pant. Very true Sir, (yet I thinke too,
Cook. What a goodly swinge shall I give the gallowes,
This may be done, and we may be rewarded
Not with a rope, but with a Royall master,
And yet we may be hang'd too.
Yeo. sel. Say 'twere done,
Who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo* and for his right?
Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.
Butl. Or say he take it, say we be discover'd.
Yeo. sel. Is not the same man bound still to protect us?
Are we not his?
Butl. Sure he will never faile us.
Cook. If he doe friends, we shall finde that will hold us,
And yet me thinks this prologue to our purpose,
These Crownes should promise more, Tis easly done,

As easy as a man would rost an egge,
If that be all; for look ye gentlemen,
Here stands my broths: my finger slipps a litle,
Downe drops a dose, I stirre him with my ladle,
And there's a dish for a Duke: *Olla podrilla:*
Here stands a bak't meate, he wants a litle seasning
A foolish mistake, my spice-boxe gentlemen.
And put in some of this, the matters ended:
Dredge ye a dish of Plovers, there's the art on't,
Or in a galingale a little does it.

Yeo. sel. Or as I fill my wine.

Cook. T is very true Sir
Blessing it with your hand, thus, quick and neatly first,
Tis past.

Yeo. sel. And done once tis as easy
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pant. But 'tis a damned sinne.

Cook. I never feare that,
The fire's my playfellow, and now I am resolv'd boyes.

But. Why then have with yee.

Yeo. sel. The same for mee.

Pant. For me too.

Cook. And now no more our worships, but our Lordships.

Pã. Not this yeare o' my knowledge, Ile un-lord ye. *Exeũt.*

SCENA 3.

Enter Servant and Shewer.

Ser. Perfume the roome round: and prepare the table:
Gentlemen officers waite in your places.

Shewer. Make roome there,
Roome for the Dukes meate, Gentlemen be bare there,
Cleere all the entrance, Guard put by those papers,
And Gentlemen Vshers see the Gallery cleere
The Dukes are coming on. *Ho boyes and banquet.*

Enter Sophia between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorch, Gisbert, Baldwin, attendants Hamon, Matilda.

Serv. Tis certainly inform'd,

Otto. Reward the fellow,
And looke you mainely to it.
Ser. My life for you Sir.
Soph. Now am I straight my Lords, and young againe,
My long since blasted hopes shoote out in blossomes,
The fruits of everlasting love appearing.
O my blest boyes, the honour of my yeares,
Of all my cares the bounteous faire rewarders!
O let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
Within a mothers love lock up your friendships,
And my sweet sonnes, once more with mutuall twineings,
As one chast bed begot you, make one body:
Blessings from heaven in thousand showers fall on yee.
Aub. O womans goodnesse never to be equall'd,
May the most sinfull creatures of thy Sex,
But kneeling at thy Monument, rise Saints.
Soph. Sit downe my worthy sonnes, my Lords your places.
I, now me thinks the Table's nobly furnish't,
Now the meat nourishes, the wine gives Spirit,
And all the roome stuck with a generall pleasure,
Shewes like the peacefull bower of happinesse.
Aub. Long may it last, and from a heart fill'd with it
Full as my cup, I give it round my Lords.
Bald. And may that stubborne heart be drunk with sorrow
Refuses it, men dying now should take it,
And by the vertue of this Ceremony
Shake off their miseries and sleepe in peace.
Roll. You are sad my noble brother.
Otto. no indeed Sir.
Soph. No sadnesse my sweet sonne this day.
Roll. Pray ye eate,
Something is here you have lov'd, tast of this dish,
It will prepare your Stomack.
Otto. Thank you brother,
I am not now dispos'd to eate.
Roll. Or that,
You put us out of heart man, come these bak'd meats
Were ever your best dyet.

Otto.

Otto. None I thanke you.
Soph. Are you well noble Child?
Otto. Yes gratious mother.
Roll. Give him a cup of wine then, pledge the health,
Drinke it to me ile give it to my mother.
Soph. Doe my best child.
Otto. I must not my best mother,
Indeed I dare not, for of late my body
Has been much weakned, by excesse of dyet.
The promise of a feaver hanging on mee,
And even now ready, if not by abstinence.
Roll. Excuse your selfe sir,
Come tis your feare, & not your feaver brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindnesse.
My Royall mother, and my noble Lords,
Heare, for it now concernes me to speak boldly,
What faith can be expected from such vowes,
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friendship,
From all his full embraces, what blest issue,
When he shall brand me here with base suspition?
He takes me for a poysoner.
Soph. Gods defend it sonne.
Roll. For a foule knave, a villaine, and so feares mee.
Otto. I could say something too.
Soph. You must not so sir,
Without your great forgetfulnesse of virtue.
This is your brother and your honour'd brother,
Indeed your loving brother.
Roll. If he please so.
Soph. One noble Father with as noble thoughts,
Begot your minds and bodies, one care rockt you,
And one truth to you both was ever sacred;
Now fye my *Otto*, whether flyes your goodnesse?
Because the right hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left presently cry out, hee's maymde?
They are one my childe, one power and one performance,
And joyn'd together thus one love, one body.
Aub. I doe beseech your Grace, take to your thoughts,

More certaine Counsailors then doubts and feares,
They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
If once beleev'd, into such foggs and errors,
That the bright truth her selfe can never sever.
Your brother is a Royall gentleman,
Full of him selfe honour and honesty,
And take heed Sir, how nature bent to goodnesse,
(So straight a Cedar to himselfe) uprightnesse
Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.

Roll. Nay my good brother knowes I am to patient.

Lator. Why should your grace think him a poysoner?
Has he no more respect to piety,
And but he has by oath tyde up his fury,
Who durst but think that thought?

Aub. Away thou firebrand,

Lator. If men of his sort, of his power and place,
The eldest sonne in honour to this Dukedome.

Bald. For shame cõtain thy tongue, thy poysonous tongue,
That with her burning Venome will infect all,
And once more blow a wildfire through the Dukedome.

Gisb. Latorch, if thou bee'st honest or a man;
Containe thy selfe.

Aub. Gbe to, no more, by heaven
You'l finde you have plaid the foole else,
Not a word more.

Soph. Prethee sweet sonne.

Roll. Let him alone sweet mother, and my Lords
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all future difference
Discourse may draw on; to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a generall joy may dwell among yee.

Aub. Shall we waite upon your Grace?

Rol. I dare not break yee, *La Torch. Exit Roll. & Lator.*

Soph. Doe you now perceive your brothers sweetnesse?

Otto. O mother that your tendernesse had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appeare then?

The

The tale of *Synon* when he took upon him
To ruine Troy, with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart? nothing appearing outwards
But came like innocence and dropping pitty,
Sighes that would sinke a Navy, and had tales
Able to take the eares of Saints beliefe too,
and what did all these? blew the fire to *Ilion.*
My brother has put on, oh I could tell yee
But for the reverence I beare to nature,
Things that would make your honest bloud move backward.
Soph. Yee dare tell me.
Otto. Yes in your private closet,
Where I will presently attend you, rise:
I am a litle troubled but twill off.
Soph. Is this the joy I lookt for?
Otto. All will mend.
Be not disturb'd deere mother: ile not faile you. *Exit Sophia, & Otto.*
Baldw. I doe not like this.
Aub. That's still in our powers,
But how to make it so that we may like it---
Bald. Beyond us ever. *Latorch* me thought was busie,
That fellow, if not lookt to narrowly, will doe a suddain mischiefe.
Aub. Hell look to him,
For if there may be a divell above all yet,
That rogue will make him. Keep your selfe up this night.
And so will I, for much I feare a danger.
Bald. I will, and in my watches use my praiers. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

A Stoole set out.
Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, Edith.

Otto. You wonder (Madam) that for all the shewes
My brother *Rollo* makes of hearty love,
And free possession of the Dukedome twixt us,
I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious;
As if beneath those vailes, he did convey

Intents and practiſes of hate and treaſon.
Soph. It breeds indeed my wonder.
Otto. Which makes mine.
Since tis ſo ſafe and broad a beaten way
Beneath the name of friendſhip to betray.
Soph. Though in remote and further off affection
Theſe falſhoods are ſo common, yet in him
They cannot ſo force nature.
Otto. The more neere the bonds of truth binde,
The more oft they ſever,
Being better cloakes to falſhood ever.
Soph. It cannot be that fruits (the tree ſo blaſting)
Can grow in nature, take heed (gentle ſonne)
Leſt ſome ſuborn'd ſuggeſter of theſe treaſons
Beleev'd in him by you, provok'd, the rather
His tender envies to ſuch fowle attempts.
Or that your too much love to rule alone
Bred not of him this jealous paſſion,
There is not any ill we might not beare
Were not our good held at a price too deere.
Otto. So apt is treachery to be excus'd
That innocence is ſtill aloud abus'd,
The fate of vertue ev'n her friends perverts
To plead for vice oftimes againſt their hearts;
Heavens bleſſing is her curſe, which ſhe muſt beare,
That ſhe may never love.
Soph. Alas (my ſonne) nor fate nor heaven it ſelfe
Can or would wreſt my whole care of your good
To any leaſt ſecureneſſe in your ill.
What I urge iſſues from my curious feare,
Leſt you ſhould make your meanes to ſcape your ſnare.
Doubt of ſincereneſſe is the only meane,
Not to incenſe it but corrupt it cleane.
Otto. I reſt as far from wrong of all ſyncereneſſe,
As he flies from the practiſe, truſt me (Madam)
I know by their confeſſions he ſuborn'd,
What I ſhould eat, drink, touch, or only have ſented
This evening feaſt was poyſon'd, but I feare,

His

His open violence more, that trecherous odds
In his insatiate thirst of rule
Is like to execute.
Soph. Beleeve it some,
If still his stomack be so foule, to feed
On such grosse objects, and that thirst to rule
The state alone, be yet unquencht in him,
Poysons and such close treasons ask more time
Then can suffice his fiery spirits haste,
And were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practise, there would likewise rest
Conscience and feare in him of open force,
And therefore close nor open you need feare.
Mat. Good Madame stand not so inclin'd to trust,
What proves his tendrest thoughts to doubt it just;
Who knowes not the unbounded flood and sea,
In which my brother *Rollo's* appetites
Alter and rage with every puffe of breath?
His swelling bloud exhales, and therefore heare
What gives my temperate brother cause,
To use his circumspection, and consult,
For remedy gainst all his wicked purposes;
If he arme, arme, if he strow mines of treason
Meet him with countermines, 'tis justice still
(For goodnesse sake) to encounter ill for ill.
Soph. Avert from us such justice (equall heaven)
And all such cause of justice.
Otto. Past all doubt,
(For all the sacred priviledge of night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in,
Who knowes not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety? all but
Lust, gaine, ambition.

Enter Rollo arm'd and Latorch.

Rollo. Perish all the world
Ere I but loose one foot of possible Empire
By sleights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches,
I am exempt by birth from both those curbes,

And

And ſit above them in all juſtice, ſince
I ſit above in power, where power is given,
Is all the right ſuppos'd of earth and heaven.
Lat. Prove both Sir, ſee the Traitour.
Otto. He comes arm'd.
See mother now your confidence.
Soph. What rage
Affects this monſter!
Rollo. Give me way or periſh.
Soph. Make thy way Viper if thou thus affect it.
Otto. This is a Treaſon like thee.
Rollo. Let her goe.
Soph. Embrace me, weare me as thy ſheild my ſonne,
And through my breſt let his rude weapon run
To thy lives innocence.
Otto. Play not two parts,
Treacher and coward both, but yeeld a ſword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Againſt my naked boſome.
Rollo. Looſe his hold.
Mat. Forbeare baſe murtherer.
Rollo. Forſake our Mother.
Soph. Mother, do'ſt thou name me,
And put off nature thus?
Rollo. Forſake her traitour,
Or by the ſpoile of nature through her
This leads unto thy heart.
Otto. Hold.
Soph. Hold me ſtill.
Otto. For twenty hearts and lives I will not hazard
One drop of bloud in yours.
Soph. O thou art loſt then.
Ot. Protect my innocence heaven.
Soph. Call out murder.
Mat. Be murdred all, but ſave him.
Edith. Murder, murder.
Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?
Otto. No fiend.

Rollo. Latorch
Reſcue, I am downe.
Lat. Vp then, your ſword cooles Sir,
Ply it i'th flame and work your ends out.
Rollo. Ha,
Have at you there Sir. *Ent. Aub.*
Aub. Author of prodigies,
What ſights are theſe!
Otto. O give me a weapon *Aubrey.*
Soph. O part em, part 'em.
Aub. For heavens ſake no more.
Otto. No more, reſiſt his fury no rage can
Adde to his miſchiefe done. *Dies.*
Soph. Take ſpirit my *Otto,*
Heaven will not ſee thee dye thus.
Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but death of every goodneſſe.
Soph. O he hath ſlain his brother, curſe him heaven.
Rollo. Curſe and be curſt, it is the fruit of curſing.
Latorch, take off here; bring too of that bloud
To bloudy ore my ſhirt, then raiſe the Court,
And give it out how he attempted us
In our bed naked; ſhall the name of brother
Forbid us to enlarge our ſtate or powers?
Or place affects of bloud above our reaſon,
That tells us all things good againſt another,
Are good 'ith ſame line againſt a brother. *Exit.*
Gisb. What affaires informe theſe outcries? *Enter Gisb.*
Aub. See and grieve. *Baldwin.*
Gisb. Prince *Otto* ſlaine!
Bald. O execrable ſlaughter!
What hand hath author'd it?
Aub. Your Schollers, *Baldwin.*
Baldw. Vnjuſtly urg'd Lord *Aubrey,* as if I
For being his ſchoolemaſter muſt teach this doctrine.
You are his Counſellour did you adviſe him
To this foule parricide?
Gisb. If rule affect this licenſe, who would live

To worse then dye, in force of his obedience?
Bald. Heavens cold and lingring spirit to punish sinne,
And humane bloud so fiery to commit it?
One so outgoes the other it will never
Be turn'd to fit obedience.
Aub. Burst it then
With his full swing given, where it brooks no ground,
Complaints of it are vaine, and all that rests
To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthlesse)
Is to conforme our wills to suffer freely
What with our murmures we can never master.
Ladies be pleas'd with what heavens pleasure suffers,
Erect your Princely countenances and spirits,
And to redresse the mischiefe now resistlesse,
Sooth it in shew, rather then curse or crosse it,
Wish all amends and vow to it your best,
But till you may performe it let it rest.
Gisb. Those temporizings are both dull and servile
To breath the free ayre of a manly soule
Which shall in me expire in execrations
Before for any life I sooth a murderer.
Bald. Power lives before him till his own be drye
Of all lives services and humane comforts,
None left that looks at heaven 'sleft halfe so base
To doe these black and hellish actions grace.
Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond, and Guard.
Rollo. Hast *Latorch*,
And raise the City as the Court is rais'd,
Complaining the abhorr'd conspiracy
In plot against my life.
Lat. I shall my Lord. *Exit.*
Rollo. You there that mourne upon the justly slayne,
Rise and leave it if you love your lives,
And heare from me, what (kept by you) may save you.
Mat. What will the Butcher doe? I will not stir.
Rollo. Stir, and unforc't stir, or stir never more.
Command her you (grave Beldam) that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them

From

From the infective fountaine of your own,
Or if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the fresh impression in your heart.
Soph. Rise daughter serve his will in what we may,
Lest what we may not he enforce the rather.
Is this all you command us?
Rollo. This addition
Only admitted, that when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume not
To crosse me with a syllable, nor your soules
Murmur, nor think against it, but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more;
And that my hand wrought thus far to my will
Will check at nothing till his circle fill.
Mat. Fill it so, I consent not, bnt who soothes it
Consents, and who consents to tyranny does it.
Rollo. False Traitere sse dy e then with him.
Aub. Are you mad
To offer at more bloud, and make your selfe
More horrid to your people? Ile proclaime
It is not as your instrument will publish.
Rollo. Doe, and take that along with you---- so nimble: *He disarms him.*
Resigne my sword, and dare not for thy soule
To offer what thou insolently threatnest,
One word proclaiming crosse to what *Latorch*
Hath in commission, and intends to publish.
Aub. Well Sir, not for your threats, but for your good,
Since more hurt to you would more hurt your countrey,
And that you must make vertue of the need
That now compells you, ile consent as far
As silence argues to your will proclaim'd.
And since no more sonnes of your princely Father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your Father, with the love,
And zeale of all your subjects, this foule slaughter
That now you have committed made asham'd
With that faire blessing that in place of plagues
Heaven tries our mending disposition with,

Take here your sword, which now use like a Prince,
And no more like a Tyrant.
Rollo. This sounds well.
Live and be gratious with us.
Gisb. & Bald O Lord *Aubrey.*
Mat. He flatter thus?
Soph. He temporizes fitly.
Rollo. Wonder invades me, doe you two think much
That he thus wisely and with need consents
To what I author for your countries good,
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellour?
Gisb. Your Chancellour is not your flatterer Sir.
Bald. Nor ist your Tutors part to shield such doctrine.
Rollo. Sir first know you,
In praise of your pure Oratory that rais'd me,
That when the people who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their rests and hastning hither,
To witnesse what is done here are arriv'd.
With our *Latorch*, you (extempore)
Shall fashion an Oration to acquit
And justifie this forced fact of mine,
Or for the proud refusall loose your head.
Gisb. I fashion an oration to acquit you?
Sir know you then that 'tis a thing lesse easy
T'excuse a parricide then to commit it.
Roll. I doe not wish you Sir to excuse me,
But to accuse my brother as the cause
Of his owne slaughter, by attempting mine.
Gisb. Not for the world, I should powre bloud on bloud,
It were another murder to accuse
Him that fell innocent.
Roll. Away with him;
Hence, haile him straight to execution.
Aub. Far fly such rigor your amendfull hand.
Rol. He perishes with him that speaks for him.
Guard doe your office on him, on your lives paine.
Gisb. Tyrant 'twill hast thine own death.
Roll. Let it wing it,

He

He threatens mee, villaines teare him peece-meale hence.
Guard. Avant Sir.
Roll. Dispatch him Captaine,
And bring me instant word he is dispatch't,
And how his Rhetorique takes it.
Ham. Ile not faile sir.
Roll. Captaine besides, remember this in chiefe,
That being executed you deny
To all his friends the Rites of funerall,
And cast his carcase out to doggs and fowles.
Ham. Tis done my Lord. *Exit.*
Roll. Vpon your life not faile.
Bald. What impious dareing is there here of heaven!
Roll. Sir now prepare your selfe, against the people
Make here their entry to discharge the Oration
He hath denyde my will.
Bald For feare of death,
Ha, ha, ha.
Roll. Is death ridiculous with you?
Workes misery of age this, or thy Iudgement?
Bald. Iudgement false Tyrant?
Rollo. You'l make no Oration then.
Baldw. Not to excuse
But agravate thy murther if thou wilt,
Which I will so inforce, ile make thee wreack it
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thy self
With such another justly merited murther.
Rollo. Ile answer you anon. *Enter Latorch.*
Lat. The Citizens
Are hasting Sir in heapes, all full resolv'd
By my perswasions of your brothers treasons.
Rollo. Honest *Latorch*, *Enter Hamond.*
Ham. See Sir *Gisberts* head.
Rollo. Good speed, wast with a sword?
Ham. An axe my Lord.
Rollo. An axe, twas vilely done: I would have had
Mine own fine headsman done it with a sword,
Goe, take this dotard here, and take his head

Off with a sword.

Ham. Your Schoolemaster?

Roll. Even he.

Bald. For teaching thee no better, 'tis the best
Of all thy damned Iustices, away
Captaine, ile follow.

Edith O stay there Duke,
And in the midst of all thy bloud and fury
Heare a Poore maids petitions, heare a daughter
The only daughter of a wretched father,
O stay your hast, as you shall need this mercy.

Roll. Away with this fond woman.

Edith. You must heare mee:
If there be any sparke of pitty in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you.
I doe confesse you are a Prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater.

Roll. Away with him.

Edith. O Captaine by thy man-hood,
By her soft soule that bare thee:---- I doe confesse sir,
Your doome of justice on your foes most righteous;
Good noble Prince looke on me.

Roll. Take her from me.

Edith. A curse upon his life that hinders me,
May fathers blessing never fall upon him,
May heaven never heare his prayers. I beseech you,
O Sir, these teares beseech you, these chast hands woe you,
That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,
Things like your selfe, you are a God above us,
Be as a God then, full of saving mercy,
Mercy, O mercy sir, for his sake mercy,
That when your stout heart weepes, shall give you pitty.
Here I must growe.

Roll. By heaven Ile strike thee woman.

Edith. Most willingly, let all thy anger seize mee,
All the most studyed torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent escape thee.

Roll. Carry him away I say.

Edith.

Edith. Now blessing on thee: ô sweet pitty
I see it in thy eyes. I charge ye souldiers,
Even by the Princes power release my Father,
The Prince is mercifull, why doe ye hold him?
The Prince forgets his fury, why doe ye tug him?
He is old, why doe ye hurt him? speak O speak sir,
Speak as you are a man, a mans life hangs sir,
A friends life and a foster life upon you.
'Tis but a word, but mercy, quickly spoke sir,
O speake Prince speake.

Roll. Will no man here obay mee?
Have I no rule yet? as I live he dies
That does not execute my will and suddenly.

Bald. All thou canst doe takes but one short houre frō me.

Roll. Hew off her hands.

Ham. Lady hold off.

Edith. No, hew 'em, *Exit Baldwin with the Guard.*
Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you,
Theyle hang the faster on for deaths convulsion.
Thon seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then,
Are all my teares lost, all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus then,
Thus boldly bloudy Tyrant,
And to thy face in heavens high name defy thee,
And may sweet mercy when thy soule sighs for it,
When under thy black mischiefes thy flesh trembles,
When neither strength nor youth, nor friends nor gold,
Can stay one hower, when thy most wretched conscience
Wak'd from her dreame of death, like fire shall melt thee,
When all thy mothers teares, thy brothers wounds,
Thy peoples feares and curses, and my losse,
My aged fathers losse shall stand before thee.---

Roll. Save him I say, run save him, save her Father,
Fly and redeeme his head. *Exit Latorch.*

Edith. May then that pitty,
That comfort thou expect'st from heaven, that mercy
Be lockt up from thee, fly thee, howlings finde thee,
Dispaire, O my sweet father! stormes of terrors,

Bloud

Bloud, till thou burst againe. *Enter Latorch*
Roll. O faire sweet anger! *Hamond with a head.*
Lator. I came too late Sir, 't was dispatch't before,
His head is heere.
Roll. And my heart there goe bury him,
Give him faire rites of funerall decent honours.
Edith. Wilt thou not take mee monster? high heaven,
Give him a punishment fit for his mischiefe.
Lator. I feare thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded
Lady have patience 't was unhappy speed,
Blame not the Duke, 't was not his fault but fates,
He sent you know to stay it, and commanded
In care of you, the heavy object hence
Soone as it came, have better thoughts of him.
Enter the Citizens.
Cit. 1. Where's this young Traitor?
Lator. Noble Citizens heere,
And heere the wounds he gave your Soveraigne Lord.
Cit. 1. This Prince of force must be
Belov'd of Heaven, that heaven hath thus preserv'd.
Cit. 2. And if he be lov'd of heaven you know,
He must be just and all his actions so.
Roll. Concluded like an Oracle, O how great
A grace of heaven is a wise Citizen!
For heaven 'tis makes them wise, as't made mee just,
As it preserv'd mee, as I now survive,
By his strong hand to keep you all alive,
Your wives your childrens goods and lands kept yours,
That had been else prey to his Tyrannous power.
That would have prey'd on mee, in bed assaulted mee
In sacred time of peace, my mother heere,
My sister this just Lord, and all had felt
The Curtian Gulfe of this conspiracy,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellor,
(Two of the gravest and most counted honest
In all my Dukedome) were the monstrous heads.
O trust no honest men for their sakes ever
My politique Citizens, but those that beare.

The

The names of Cutthroats, Vserers, and Tyrants.
O those beleeve in; for the foule mouth'd world
Can give no better tearmes to simple goodnesse,
Even me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For saving mine own life, sought by my brother;
Yet those that sought his life before by poison,
(Though mine own servants hoping to please me)
Ile lead to death for't which your eyes shall see.

Cit. 1. Why what a Prince is here!

Cit. 2. How just!

Cit. 3. How gentle!

Rollo. Well now my deerest subjects, or much rather
My nerves my spirits, or my vitall bloud,
Turne to your needfull rest, and setled peace,
Fixt in this root of steele, from whence it sprung
In heavens great help and blessing, but ere sleep
Binde in his sweet oblivions your dull sences,
The name and vertue of heavens King advance
For you (in chiefe) for my deliverance.

Cit. Heaven and his King save our most pious Soveraign.

Rollo. Thanks my good people, mother, & kind sister, *Ex-*
And you my noble kinsman, things borne thus, *eunt Cit.*
Shall make yee all command what ever I
Enjoy in this my absolute Empery.
Take in the body of my Princely brother,
For whose death since his fate no other way
Would give my eldest birth his supreme right,
Wee'l mourne the cruell influence it beares,
And wash his Sepulcher with kindly teares.

Aub. If this game end thus, heavens will rule the seat: *Exeunt om-*
What we have yeelded to, we could not let. *nes præter*
Lat. Good Lady rise and raise your spirits withall *Latorch &*
More high then they are humbled, you have cause *Edith.*
As much as ever honour'd happiest Lady,
And when your eares are freer to take in
Your most amendfull and unmatched fortunes,
Ile make yee drowne a hundred helplesse deaths
In sea of one life pour'd into your bosome

With which shall flowe into your armes the riches,
The pleasures, honours, and the rules of Princes.
Which though death stop your eares me thinks should ope (them:
Assay to forget death.
Edith. O slaughtered Father!
Lat. Cast off what cannot be redrest, and blesse
The fate that yet you curse so, since for that
You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes
With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire
The Dukes affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedome, ist not sweet?
Does it not shine away your sorrowes cloudes?
Sweet Lady take wise heart, and heare and tell me.
Edith. I heare no word you speak.
Lat. Prepare to heare then,
And be not barr'd up from your selfe, nor adde
To your ill fortune with your far worse judgement;
Make me your servant to attend with all joyes
Your sad estate, till they both blesse and speake it:
See how theil bowt'ye, make me wait, command me
To watch out every minute, for the stay
Your modest sorrow fancies, raise your graces,
And doe my hopes the honour of your motion
To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.
O how your touches ravish! how the Duke
is slaine already with your flames imbrac't!
I will both serve and visit you and often.
Edith. I am not fit Sir.
Lat. Time will make you Lady. *Exeunt.*

Enter Guard, 3 or 4 boyes, then the Sheriffe, Cook, Yeo. Seller, Butler, & Pantler to execution.

Guard. 1. Come bring these fellowes on away with em.
Guard. 2. Make roome afore there,
Roome there for the prisoners.
Boy. 1. Lets run afore boyes, we shall get no place else.
Boy. 2. Are these the youths?
Cook. Thiese are the youths you look for.
And pray my honest friends be not so hasty.

The'rle

The'rle be nothing done till we come I assure you.
*Boy.*3. Heres a wise hanging, are there no more?
But. Doe you heare Sir,
You may come in for your share ift please you.
Cook. My friend if you be unprovided of a hanging
You look like a good fellow I can afford you
A reasonable penniworth.
*Boy.*2. Afore, afore boyes,
Heres e'en enough to make us sport.
Yeo.sel. Pox take you, doe you call this sport?
Are these your recreations?
Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?
Cook. Doe you heare Sir,
You Custard-pate, we goe too't for high treason,
An honourable fault, thy foolish father
Was hang'd for stealing sheep.
Boyes. Away, away boyes. (you sheep Pantler,
Cook. Doe you see how that sneaking rogue lookes now?
You peaching rogue that provided us these necklaces,
You poore rogue, you costive rogue you.
Pant. Pray, pray fellowes.
Cook. Pray for thy crusty soul, where's your reward now
Good goodman manchet, for your fine discovery?
I doe beseech you Sir, where are your dollers?
Draw with your fellows and be hang'd.
Yeo.sel, He must now,
For now he shall be hang'd first that's his comfort,
A place too good for thee, thou meale-mouthd rascall.
Coo. Hang handsomely for shame, come leave your pray-
You peaking knave, and die like a good Courtier, (ing
Die honestly and like a man, no preaching
With I beseech you take example by me.
I liv'd a lewd man good people. pox on't,
Die me as thou had'st din'd, say grace & God be with you.
Guard. Come will yee forward?
Cook. Good Master Sheriffe your leave too.
This hasty work was never done well, give us so much time
As but to sing our own Ballad, for weel trust no man

Nor no tune but our own, 'twas done in Ale too,
And therefore cannot be refus'd in justice,
Your penny-pot-Poets are such pelting theeves,
They hang men ever twice, we have it here Sir,
And so must every marchant of our voyage,
Heele make a sweet returne else of his credit.

Yeo. sel. One fit of our own mirth, and then we are for yee.

Guard. 1. Make hast then and dispatch.

Yeo. sel. Theres day enough Sir. (younger,

Cook. Come boyes sing cheerefully, we shall never sing
We have chose a loud tune too because it should like well.

They sing.

Come fortune's a whore I care not who tell her,
Would offer to strangle a page of the Celler.
That should by his oath to any mans thinking
And place, have had a defence for his drinking.
But this she does when she pleases to palter,
Instead of his wages she gives him a halter.
Three merry boyes, and three merry boyes,
and three merry boyes are we,
As e're did sing three parts in a string,
All under the triple tree.

But I that was so lusty, and ever kept my bottles,
That neither they were musty, and seldome lesse then pottles.
For me to be thus stopt now
With hemp instead of Corke Sir,
And from the Gallows lopt now
Shewes that there is a forke Sir
In death, and this the Token.
Man may be two waies killed,
Or like the bottle broken,
Or like the wine be spilled.
Three merry boyes, &c.

O yet but looke on the master Cook the glory of the kitchin,
In sowing whose fate at so lofty a rate no Tayler had a stitch in

For

For though he make the man,
The Cook yet makes the dishes:
The which no Tailor can,
Wherein I have my wishes.
That I who at so many a feast have pleas'd so many Tasters,
Should come my selfe for to be drest, a dish for you my masters.
Three merry boyes, &c.

O Man or Beast or you at least,
That wears or Brow or Antler,
Prick up your eares unto the teares,
Of me poore Paul the Pantler.
That am thus chipt, because I clipt,
The cursed crust of Treason
With loyall knife, O dolefull strife,
To hang thus without Reason.
Three merry boyes, &c.

There's a few copies for ye now,
Farewell friends, and good Mr Sheriffe let me not
Be printed with a brasse pot on my head.
Butl. March faire, march faire,
Afore good Captaine Pantler. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Aubrey and Latorch.

Aub. Latorch I have waited here to speake to you
And you must hearken: set not forth your leggs
Of hast, nor put your face of businesse on,
An honester affaire then this I urge too,
You will not easily thinke on, and twill be
Reward to entertaine it. 'Tis your fortune
To have our maisters Eare above the rest
Of us that follow him, but that no man envies,
For I have well considered, truth sometimes
May be convay'd in by the same conduits
That falshood is, These courses that he takes

Cannot but end in ruine, Empire got
By bloud and violence must so be held,
And how unsafe it is, he first will prove,
That toyling still to remove Enemies
Makes himselfe more: it is not now a Brother,
A faithfull Counsailor of state or two,
That are his danger, they are faire dispatcht,
It is a multitude that gin to feare
And think, what began there must end in them,
For all the fine Oration that was made 'em;
And they are not an easy monster quell'd.
Princes may pick their suffering nobles on't,
And one by one employ them to the block:
But when they once grow formidable to
Their Clownes and Coblers, ware then guard themselves;
If you durst tell him this *Latorch*, the service
Would not discredit the good name you hold
With men: besides the profit to your maister,
And to the publique.

Lator. I conceive not Sir,
Their ayery feares, and why should I object 'em
Vnto his fancy, wound what is yet sound?
Your Counsells colour not with reason of state,
Where all that's necessary still is just.
The actions of the Prince, while they succeed,
Should be made good and glorifide, not question'd:
Men doe but shew their ill affections
That-----

Aub. What? speake out.

Lator. Doe murmure gainst their maisters.

Aub. Is this to mee?

Lator, It is to whosoever,
Mislikes o'the Dukes courses.

Aub. I? is't so?
At your state ward sir.

Lator. I am sworne to heare,
Nothing may prejudice the Prince.

Aub. Why? doe you?

Or have you? ha?

Lator. I cannot tell: mens hearts
Shew in their words sometimes.

Aub. I ever thought thee
Knave o'th chamber: art thou the spy too?

Lator. A watchman for the State, and one that's known
Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Baude of the State,
No lesse then of thy maisters lusts; I now
See nothing can redeeme thee, dar'st thou mention,
Affection or a heart that ne're hadst any?
Know'st not to love or hate, but by the scale
As thy Prince does't before thee, that dost never
Weare thine own face, but putst on his, and gatherst
Baites for his eares, liv'st wholy at his beck,
And ere thou durst utter a thought thine owne,
Must expect his, creep'st forth and wad'st into him,
As if thou wert to passe a ford, there proving
Yet, if thy tongue may step on safely or no,
Then bringst his virtue a sleepe, and staist the wheele
Both of his reason and Iudgement that they move not,
Whit'st over all his vices, and at last
Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
Till neither he can see thee nor himselfe.
Wretch I dare give him honest Counsells, I,
And love him whil'st I tell him truth: old *Aubrey*
Dares goe the straightest way, which still's the shortest.
Walke on the thornes thou scaterst, Parasite,
And tread 'em unto nothing: and if thou
Then letst a looke fall of the least dislike,
Ile rip thy Crowne up with my sword at heights,
And pluck thy skinne over thy face in sight
Of him thou flattrest: unto thee I speake it
Slave, against whom all lawes should now conspire,
And e'ry creature that hath sence be arm'd,
As 'gainst the common enimy of mankind,
That sleep'st within thy maisters eare, and whisper'st,
'Tis better for him to be fear'd then lov'd,

Bid'st

Bid'ſt him truſt no mans friendſhip; ſpare no bloud
That may ſecure him ; Tis no cruelty
That hath a ſpatious end for ſoveraignety,
Break all the lawes of kind, if it ſucceed,
An honeſt noble and praiſeworthy deed,
While he that takes thy poyſons in, ſhall feele,
Their virulent workings in a point of time,
When no repentance can bring aide, but all
His ſpirits ſhall melt, with what his conſcience burn'd,
And dying in a flatterers armes ſhall fall unmourn'd.
There's matter for you now.

Lator. My Lord this makes not,
For loving of my maiſter.

Aub. Loving? no,
They hate ill Princes moſt that make 'em ſo.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, Guard.

Roll. Ile heare no more.

Ham. Alas tis for my brother,
I beſeech your highneſſe.

Roll. How? a brother?
Had not I one my ſelfe? did title move mee,
When it was fit that he ſhould dye? away.

Allan. Brother looſe no word more, leave my good cauſe
To upbraid the Tyrant. Ime glad I am ſalne
Now in thoſe times that will'd ſome great example
T'aſſure men we can dye for honeſty.

Roll. Sir you are brave, pray that you hold your neck
As bravely forth anon unto the headſman.

Allan, Would he would ſtrike as bravely, and thou by
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to ſee me dye,

Aub. What's his offence?

Ham. For giving *Gisbert* buriall
Who was ſometimes his Maiſter.

Allan. Yes Lord *Aubrey*,
My gratitude and humanity are my Crimes.

Roll. Why beare you him not hence?

Aub. My Lord, (ſtay ſouldiers)
I doe beſeech your highneſſe doe not looſe,

Such

Such men for ſo ſleight clauſes, this is one
Hath ſtill been faithfull to you, a try'd ſoule
In all your fathers battailes. I have ſeen him
Beſtride a friend againſt a ſcore of foes;
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you Sir, were you in danger.
Allan. Till he kills his Brother, his Chancellour, then his
To which he can adde nought to equall *Nero* (amſter,
But killing of his mother.
Aub. Peace, brave foole,
Thou valiant Aſſe, here's his brother too Sir,
A Captaine of your Guard hath ſerv'd you long
With the moſt noble witneſſe of his truth
Mark'd in his face, and ev'ry part about him
That turnes not from an enemie: but view him,
And doe not grieve him, Sir, if you doe meane
That he ſhall hold his place, it is not ſafe
To tempt ſuch ſpirits, and let 'em weare their ſwords,
You make your Guards your terrours by theſe Acts,
And throw more hearts off from you then you hold,
And I muſt tell you Sir (with my old freedome,
And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd ſo,
But that your ſtate will need ſuch men, ſuch hands,
Of which here's one ſhall in an houre of triall
Doe you more certaine ſervice with a ſtroke,
Then the whole bundle of your Flatterers,
With all th' unſavorie unction of their tongues.
Rollo. Peace talker.
Aub. One that loves you yet my Lord,
And would not ſee you pull on your own ruines,
Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him beſt,
A Sweand affrights they are no ties of love,
And when men 'gin to feare the Prince, they hate him.
Rollo. Am I the Prince or you?
Aub. My Lord, I hope
I have not utter'd ought ſhould urge that queſtion.
Rollo. Then practiſe your obedience, ſee him dead.
Aub. My Lord.

Rollo. Ile heare no word more.

Aub. I am sorry then
There is no small dispaire Sir of their safety,
Whose eares are blocked up against the truth,
Come Captaine.

Ham. I doe thank you Sir.

Aub. For what?
For seeing thy brother dye a man and honest,
Live thou so Captaine. I will so, I assure thee,
Although I die for't too. Come. *Exeunt omnes praeter Rollo, & Latorch.*

Rollo. Now *Latorch*,
What doe you think?

Lat. That *Aubries* speech and manners
Sound somewhat of the boldest.

Rollo. Tis his custome.

Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a feare.

Rollo. If we thought so it should be worth his life,
And quickly too.

Lat. I dare not Sir be author
Of what I would, he is so dangerous,
But with your highnesse favour and your license.

Rollo. He talkes 'tis true, and he is licens'd: leave him,
We now are Duke alone, *Latorch* secur'd,
Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect,
We look right forth, besides and round about us,
And see it ours with pleasure: only one
Wisht joy there wants to make us so possesse it,
And that is *Edith*, *Edith*, she that got me
In bloud and teares in such an opposite minute,
As had I not at once felt all the flames,
And shafts of love shot in me (his whole armory)
I should have thought him as far off as death.

Lat. My Lord expect a while, your happinesse
Is ne'rer then you think it, yet her griefes
Are greene and fresh, your vigilant *Latorch*
Hath not been idle, I have leave already
To visit her and send to her.

Rollo

Rollo. My life.
Lat. And if I finde not out as speedy waies,
And proper instruments to work and bring her
To your fruition, that she be not watch'd
Tame to your highnesse, say you have no servant
Is capable of such a trust about you,
Or worthy to be---of your delight.
Rollo. O my *Latorch*, what shall I render thee
For all thy travells, care, and love?
Lat. Sir, one sute,
Which I will ever importune till you grant me.
Rollo. About your Mathematitians.
Lat. Yes to have
The scheme of your nativity judg'd by them.
I hav't already erected, O my Lord,
You doe not know the labour of my feares.
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security but from the starres,
Who being rightly ask'd can tell man more,
Then all power else, there being no power beyond them.
Rollo. All thy petitions still are care of us.
Aske for thy selfe.
Lat. What more can concerne me
Then this?
Rollo. Well rise true honest man and goe then,
We'le study our selves a meanes how to reward thee.
Lat. Your Grace is now inspir'd, now, now your Highnes
Begins to live, from this houre count your joyes,
But Sir, I must have warrants with blanck figures
To put in names such as I like.
Rollo. You shall.
Lat. They dare not else Sir offer at your figure,
O I shall bring you wonders, there's a Fryer,
Russee an admirable man
Another Gentleman, and then *La. fiske*,
The mirrour of his time, 'twas he that set it,
But theres one *Norbret*, (him I never saw)
Has made a mirrour, a meere lookin-glasse

In ſhow you'd think't no other, the forme ovall,
As I am given to underſtand by letter,
Which renders you ſuch ſhapes, & thoſe ſoe differing
And ſome that will be queſtion'd, and give anſwers,
Then has he ſet it in a frame that wrought
Vnto the revolutions of the ſtarres,
And ſo compacted by due proportions
Vnto their harmony doth move alone
A true *Automicon*: Thus *Dedalus* Statues
Or Vulcans ſtooles---

Rollo. Do'ſt thou beleeve this?

Lat. sir, Why what ſhould ſtay my faith or turn my ſence,
He has been about it above twenty yeares,
Three ſeavens, the powerfull and the perfect numbers,
And art and time Sir can produce ſuch things,
What doe we read there, that *Hiarbaes* banquet
The great Gymnoſophiſt that had his Butlers
And Carvers of pure gold wait at the table:
The images of *Mercury* too, that ſpoke,
The wooden Dove that flew, a Snake of Braſſe
That hiſt: and Birds of ſilver that did ſing.
All theſe were done Sir by the Mathematiques:
Without which there's no ſcience nor no truth.

Rollo. You are in your own ſphere (*Latorch*) & rather
Then I le contend with you for it, I le beleeve you.
Yo' have woon upon me that I wiſh to ſee
My fate before me now, what ere it be.

Lat. And I le endeavour you ſhall know't with ſpeed,
For which I ſhould have one of truſt goe with me,
If you pleaſe, *Hamond*, that I may by him
ſend you my firſt diſpatches: after I
Shall bring you more, as they come more,
And accurate forth from them.

Rollo. Take your way,
Chooſe your own meanes, and be it proſperous to us.

Exeunt.

SCENA

SCENA 2.

Enter Ruffe, De bube, La Fiske, Norbret, Pippeau.

Ruffe. Come beare up Sirs, we ſhall have better daies,
Mine Almanack tells mee.
Bube. Whats that, your rumpe.
Ruff. It never itch't in vaine yet; ſlid *La Fiske*,
Throw off thy ſluggiſh face, I cannot abide
To ſee thee look like a poore Iade i'th pound,
That ſaw no meat theſe three daies.
Fiske. S'light to me,
It ſeemes thirteen daies ſince I ſaw any.
Ruff. How?
Fisk. I cannot remember that I ever ſaw
Or meat or mony, you may talke of both,
To open a mans Stomack or his purſe,
But feed 'em ſtill with aire.
Bube. Fryer, I feare
You doe not ſay your office well adaies,
I cannot heare your beads knack.
Nor. Pox, he feeds
With lechery, and lives upon th'exchange
Of his two eggs and puddings, with the market-women.
Ruff. And what doe you ſir with the Advocates wife,
That you perſwade upon your Doctorall bed,
To take the Mathematicall trance ſo often?
Fisk. Come we are ſtarke nought all; bad's the beſt on's,
Foure of the Seaven deadly ſpots we are,
Beſides our lechery we are envious
And moſt, moſt gluttinous when we have it thus,
Moſt covetous now we want it: then our boy,
He is a fift ſpot, ſloth, and he undoes us.
Bub. Tis true the child was wont to be induſtrious,
And now and then ſend in a Merchants wife
Sick o'th husband, or a ſwearing Butler
That miſt one of his Boles; a crying maid
Had loſt a ſilver ſpoone: the Curry-combe

Sometimes was wanting, there was something gotten
But now -----
Pip. What now, did I not yester-morning
Bring you in a Cardicue there from the Peasant,
Whose Asse I had driven aside and hid that you
Might conjure for him? and then last night
Six louse from the Cookes wife, yee shard among yee
To set a figure for the pestle I stole,
It is not at home yet. These things my maisters,
In a hard time they would be thought on, you
Talke o'your Lands, and Castles in the aire
O'your twelve houses there, but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, tis *Pipeau*
That is your bird cal'd.
Nor. Faith he does well,
And cuts through the Element for us, I must needs say
In a fine dextrous line.
Fisk. But not as he did
At first, then he would saile with any winde
Int' ev'ry creek and corner.
Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd, when I came to you Gentlemen,
But now with often and farre ventring for you,
Here be leakes sprung, and whole plancks wanting, see you,
If you'l new sheath me againe, yet I am for you
To any bog or sleights, where you'l send mee,
For as I am, where can this ragged barke
Put in for any service, lesse it be
I'th ile of Rogues, and there turne Pyrate for you.
Norb. Faith he saies reason, Fryer you must leave
Your neat crispt Clarret, and fall to your Sider
A while; and you *La Fiske* your larded Capons
And Turkies for a time, and take a good
Cleane tripe in your way; *Debube* too must content him
With wholsome two sous'd pettitoes, no more crowne Ordinaries,
Till we have clothd our Infant.
Bube. So you'l keepe your owne good motions Doctor, your deere selfe.

Fiske

Fiske. Yes for we all doe know the latitude
O'your concupiſcence.
Ruff. Heere, about your belly.
Bube. You'l pick a bottle open, or a whimſey
As ſoone as the beſt on us.
Fiske. And dip your wriſt-bands,
(For cuffes you ha'none) as comely in the ſawce,
As any Courtier ---- heark, the Bell, who's there.
Bells Ring within.
Exit Pip. and enter againe.
Ruff. Good luck I doe conjure thee, boy look out.
Pip. They are Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is
Of the Dukes Bedchamber,
Ruff. Latorch downe,
On with your Gowne, there's a new ſute arriv'd
Did I not tell you Sonnes of honger? Crownes
Crownes are comming towards you: wine and w enches
You ſhall have once againe: and Fidlers
Into your ſtudies cloſe, each lay his eare
T'his doore, and as you heare mee to prepare you,
So come, and put me on that viſour only.
Enter Latorch and Hamond.
Lato. Youl not be farre hence Captain, when the buſineſſe
Is done, you ſhall receive preſent diſpatch.
Ham Ile walke ſir i'th cloiſter.
Ruff. Mounſieur *Latorch*, my ſonne,
The ſtarres are happy ſtill that guide you hither.
Lator. I am glad to heare their Secretary ſay ſo,
My learned Father *Ruffee*, where's *La Fiske*,
Mounſieur *La Bube*, how doe they.
Ruff. At their ſtudies,
They are the Secretaries of the Starres ſir;
Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off,
They ſtick like cupping glaſſes; if ever men
Spoke with the tongue of deſtiny, 'tis they.
Lator. For loves ſake lets ſalute 'em.
Ruff. Boy goe ſee,
Tell 'em who's heere, ſay that their friends doe challenge
Some portion of their time, this is our minute,
Pray them they will ſpare it, they are the Sunne & Moone

Of

Of knowledge, pitty two such noble lights
Should live obscur'd, heere, heere in a Vniversity,
Whose beams were fitt'illuminate any Court
Of Christendome - - - -

Enter La Fiske, De Bube, and Pipeau.

Fisk. Well look upon the Astrolobe, you'l finde it
For Almucanturies at least.

Bube. It is so.

Ruff. still of their learned stuffe, they care for nothing,
But how to know, as negligent of their bodies
In Dyet or else, especially in their clothes
As if they had no change.

Pip. They have so little,
As may well free'em from the name of shifters.

Fisk. Mounsieur *Latorch.*

Lator. How is it learned Gentlemen,
With both your vertues.

Bube. A most happy houre
When we see you sir.

Lator. When you heare me then,
It will be happier; The Duke greets you both
Thus, & though you may touch no mony father,
Yet you may take it.

Ruff. T is his highnesse bounty,
But yet to me and those that have put off
The world superfluous.

Fisk. We have heard of late his highnesse good successe.

Bube. And gratulate it.

Lator. Indeed he hath scap't a strange conspiracy,
Thanks to his starres, which starrs he prayes by mee,
You would againe consult and make a judgement
On what you lately erected for my love.

Ruff. O sir, we dare not.

Fisk. For our lives.

Bube. It is
The Princes Scheme.

Lator. T'incounter With that feare
Here's to assure you, his signet, write your names,

And

And be secur'd all three.
Bub. We must intreat some time Sir.
Lat. I must then
Intreat, it be as present as you can.
Fisk. Ha' you the Scheme here?
Lat. Yes.
Ruff. I would you had Sir
Another warrant:
Lat. What would that doe.
Ruff. Marry,
We have a Doctour Sir that in this businesse
Would not performe the second part.
Lat. Not
Him that you writ to me of?
Ruf. The very same.
Lat. I should have made it Sir my sute to see him,
Here is a warrant (Father), I conceiv'd
That he had soly apply'd himselfe to Magick.
Ruf. And to these studies too Sir, in this field
He was imitated: but we shall hardly
Draw him from his chaire.
Lat. Tell him he shall have gold.
Fisk. O such a syllable would make him forsweare
Ever to breath in your sight.
Sir, he (if you doe please to give any thing)
Must hav't convai'd under a paper.
Ruf. Or left behinde some book in his study.
Bub. Or in some old wall.
Fisk. Where his Familiars
May tell him of it, and that pleases him sir.
Bub. Or else Ile goe and assay him.
Lat. Take gold with you.
Ruf. That will not be amisse, give it the boy sir,
He knowes his holes, and how to bait his spirits.
Pip. We must lay in severall places sir.
Ruf. That's true,
That if one come not, the other may hit.
Lat. Well goe then; is he so learn'd Gentlemen?

Fisk. The very top of our profession, mouth of the Fates,
Pray Heaven his spirits be in good humour to take,
They'le fling the gold about the house else.
Bub. I,
And beat the Fryer, if he goe not well
Furnisht with holy water.
Fisk. Sir you must observe him.
Bub. Not crosse him in a word: for then he's gone:
Fisk. If he doe come, which is a hazard yet,
Mas he's there, this is speed. *Enter Norbret,*
Norb. Where is your scheme? *Russee, Pippeau.*
Let's see't; dispatch: nay fumbling now, who's this?
Rus. Chiefe Gentleman of the Dukes chamber Doctour.
Norb. O let him be, good even to him, he's a Courtier,
Ile spare his complement tell him: whats here?
The geniture nocturnall longitude
At twenty one degrees the latitude
At forty nine and ten minutes, how are the *Cardines*?
Fisk. *Libra* in twenty foure, forty foure minutes,
And *Capricorne*.
Norb. I see't see the Planets
Where, how they are dispos'd; the Sunne and *Mercury*,
Mars with the Dragons taile, the third house,
And *pars fortuna* in the *Imo cœli*.
Then *Iupiter* in the twelfe, the *Cacadæmon*.
Bud. And *Venus* in the second, *inferna porta*.
Norb. I see it, peace; then *Saturne* i'th fift,
Luna ith' seaventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
That *Mars* his *gaudium* rising in the ascendant,
That joint with *Libra* too, the house of *Venus*,
And *Imum Cœli*, *Mars* his exultation
Ith' seaventh house, *Aries* being his naturall house,
And where he is now seated: and all these shew him
To be the *Almuter*.
Rus. Yes he's Lord of the genitures,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomies* way,
Or *Nasahales*, *Laell*, or *Alkindus*.
Fisk. No other Planet hath so many dignities.

Either

Either by himſelfe, or in regard o'th *Cuſpes*.
Norb. Why hold your tongue then, if you know it; *Venus*
The Lady of the *Horoſcope*, being *Libra*,
The other part *Mars* rules: ſo that the geniture
Being nocturnall, *Luna* is the higheſt,
None elſe being in ſufficient dignitie,
She being in *Aries* in the ſeaventh houſe
Where *Sol* exalted is the *Alchocoden*.
Bub. Yes for you ſee he hath his termine
In the degrees where ſhe is fand enjoyes
By that ſix dignities.
Fisk. Which are cleerely more
Then any elſe that view her i'the ſcheme.
Norb. Why I ſaw this, and could ha told you too
That he beholds her with a trine aſpect
Here out of *Sagitary*, almoſt partly,
And how that *Mars* out of the ſelfe ſame houſe,
(But another ſigne) here by a platique aſpect
Looks at the hilage, with a quartile ruling
The houſe where the ſunne is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you will out-run me, and more,
That this ſame quartile aſpect to the Lady of life,
Here the ſeaventh promiſes ſome danger,
Cauda Draconis being ſo neere *Mars*,
And *Caput Algell* in the houſe of death.
Lat. How Sir? I pray you cleere that.
Norb. What is the queſtion firſt?
Ruſ. Of the Dukes life, what dangers threaten him?
Norb, Apparent and thoſe ſuddaine: when the *Hyley*,
Or *Alchocoden* by direction come
To a quartile oppoſition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the geniture (which is now
At hand) or elſe oppoſe to *Mars* himſelfe, expect it.
Lat. But they may be prevented.
Nor. Wiſdome only,
That rules the ſtarres may doe it, for *Mars* being
Lord of the genitu re in *Capricorne*,

Is (if you mark it) now a Sextile here
With *Venus* Lady of the Horoscope,
So she being in her *exilium*, which is *Scorpio*
And *Mars* his *gaudium*; is o're rul'd by him,
And cleere debillitated, five degrees
Beneath her ordinary power, so
That at the most she can but mittigate.
Lat. You cannot name the Persons brings this danger?
Nor. No, that the starres tells not us, they name no man;
Thats a work Sir of another place.
Ruf. Tell him whom you suspect, & hee'l guesse shrewdly.
Lat. Sir, we doe feare one *Aubrey*, if twere he
I should be glad, for we should soone prevent him.
Fisk. I know him, the Dukes kinsman, a tall man.
Lay hold on't *Norbret*.
Nor. Let me pause a litle,
Is he not neere of bloud unto the Duke?
Lat. Yes reverend sir.
Nor. Fart for your reverence,
Keep it till then, and somewhat high of stature?
Lat. He is so.
Norb. How old is he?
Fisk. About seaven and fifty.
Norb. His head and beard inclining to be gray?
Lat. Right Sir.
Fisk. And fat.
Norb. He's somewhat corpulent, is he not?
Lat. You speak the man sir?
Norb. Well look to him, farewell. *Exit Norb.*
Lat. O it is *Aubrey*: Gentlemen I pray you
Let me receive this under all your hands.
Ruf. Why he will shew you him in his Magick glasse.
If you intreat him; and but gratifie
A spirit or two more.
Lat. He shall eat gold
If he will have it, so you shall all, there's that
Amongst you first: let me have this to send

The

The Duke inth' meane time, and then what sights
You please to shew Ile have you so rewarded
As never Artists were: you shall to Court
Along with mee; and there not waite your fortunes.
Bube. We have a pretty part on't in our pockets:
Boy we will all be new, you shall along too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Edith.

Mat. Good Madam heare the sute that *Edith* urges
With such submisse beseeches, nor remaine
So strictly bound to sorrow for your sonne,
That nothing else, though never so befitting,
Obtaines your eares or observation.
Soph. What would she say? I heare.
Edith. My sute is Madam,
That you would please to think as well of justice,
Due to your sonnes revenge, as of more wrong added
To both your selves for it; in only grieving,
Th'undaunted power of Princes should not be,
Confin'd in deedlesse cold calamity.
Anger (the twin of sorrow) in your wrongs,
Should not be smother'd when his right of birth
Claimes th'ayre as well, and force of comming forth.
Soph. Sorrow is due already, anger never
Should be conceiv'd but where it may be borne.
In some fact fit t'employ his active fame,
That else consumes who bears it, and abides
Like a false starre that quenches as it glides.
Edith. I have such means t'employ it as your wish
Can think no better, easier or securer
And such, as but for th'honours I intend
To your partakings I alone could end,
But your parts in all dues to crying bloud
For Vengeance in the shedder, are much greater,
And therefore should worke your hands to his slaughter,
For your consent, to which 'twere infinite wrong,
To your severe and most impartiall justice,
To move you to forget so false a sonne,
As with a mothers duty made you curse him.

Mat. Edith he is forgot for any ſonne
Borne of my mother, or to mee a brother,
For ſhould we ſtill performe our rights to him,
We ſhould pertake his wrongs, and as foule be
In bloud and damned Parracide as he:
And therefore tell the happy means that heaven
Puts in thine hand, for all our long'd for freedome,
From ſo abhorr'd and impious a Monſter.

Soph. Tell what ſhe will ile lend nor hand nor eare,
To whatſoever heaven puts in her power. *Exit.*

Mat. How ſtrange ſhe is to what ſhe chiefly wiſhes,
Sweet *Edith*, be not any thought the more
Diſcourag'd in thy purpoſe, but aſſur'd
Her heart and prayers are thine: and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wiſh to doe.

Edith. Madam my ſelfe alone I make no doubt,
Will be afforded power enough from heaven
To end the Murderer: all I wiſh of you,
Is but ſome richer ornaments and jewels,
Then I am able to provide my ſelfe,
To help out the defects of my poore beauty,
That yet have beene enough as now they are,
To make his fancy mad with my deſire,
But you know Maddam, women never can,
Be too faire to torment an Amorous man;
And this mans torments I would heighten ſtill,
Till at their higheſt he were fit to kill.

Mat. Thou ſhalt have all my jewells and my mothers,
And thou ſhalt paint too, that his blouds deſire,
May make him periſh in a painted fire.
Haſt thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
I ſet that hower back t'haſt more his longing,
But I have promis'd to his Inſtruments,
Th'admittance of a Viſit at our houſe,
Where yet I would receive him with all luſter
My ſorrow would give leave too, to remove
Suſpition of my purpoſe.

All

Mat. Thou shalt have,
All I can adde, sweet wench, in jewels, tires,
Ile be my selfe thy dresser: nor may I
Serve mine owne love with an attracted husband,
More sweetly nor more amptly then maist thou,
Thy forward will with his bewich'd affections:
Affects thou any personall aide of mine,
Mine noblest Edith?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayers,
For full effect and speed of my affaire.

Mat. They're thine (my *Edith*) as for me mine owne,
For thou well know'st if bloud shed of the best,
Should coole and be forgotten, who would feare
To shed bloud still, or where (alas) were then,
The endlesse love we owe to worthlesse men.

Edith. Love of the worthiest ever blesse your highnesse.

Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scena. 1.

Enter Rollo with a glasse, Aubrey and Servants.

Roll. I never studied my glasse till now,
'Tis exceeding well, now leave me colen,
How takes your eye the object.

Aub. I have learnt
So much Sir of the Courtier, as to say
Your person does become your habit, but
Being call'd unto it by a noble warre,
Would grace an Armour better.

Roll. You are still
For that great Art, of which you are the maister,
Yet I must tell you, that to th'encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus we bring
As troubled bloud, fears mixt with flattering hopes,
The danger in the service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through.

The

The body of an Army.

Aub. Ile not argue
How you may ranke the dangers, but will dye in't,
The ends which they arrive at, are as distant
In e'ry circumstance, as farre as honour
Is from shame and repentance.

Roll. You are soure.

Aub. I would speak my free thoughts yet not appeare so,
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one, that dares talke any thing that runnes
Against the Torrent of his owne opinion,
That I affect to speake ought may offend you.
And therefore gratious Sir, be pleas'd to think,
My manners or discretion have inform'd mee,
That I was borne in all good ends to serve you,
And not to check at what concernes me not,
I look not with sore eyes on your rich outside,
Nor wrack my thoughts to finde out to what purpose
'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
And that I hope offends not. For a Subject
Towards his Prince in things indifferent,
To use the austereneſſe of a censuring Cato,
Is arrogance not freedome.

Roll. I commend
This temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter Hamond with letters.

Roll. They come from Rhoane, *Latorch* imploy'd you.
I must not now be troubled with a thought,
Of any new designe, good *Aubrey* read them,
And as they shall direct you, use my power
Or to reply or execute.

Aub. I will Sir.

Rollo. And Captaine bring a squadron of our guard,
To the house that late was *Baldwins*, and there waite mee.

Ham. I shall.

Roll. Some two houres hence.

Ham. With my best care.

Roll. Inspire mee love, and be thy diety

Or

Or ſcorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'ſt mee. *Exit Rol.*

Ham. My ſtay to doe my duty, may be wrongs
Your Lordſhips privacy.

Aub. Captaine your love
Is ever welcome. I intreat your patience
While I peruſe theſe.
How's this? a plot on mee!

Ham. What is contain'd
In the letters that I brought that thus tranſports him?

Aub. To be wrought on by rogues, and have my head
Brought to the Axe by knaves that cheat for bread,
The creatures of a Paraſite, a ſlave,
I finde you here *Latorch*, nor wonder at it,
But that this honeſt Captaine ſhould be made
His inſtrument, afflicts mee; Ile make tryall,
Whether his will or weakneſſe made him to it.
Captaine you ſaw the Duke when he commanded
I ſhould doe what theſe letters did direct mee,
And I preſume you think I'le not neglect
For feare or favour, to remove all dangers,
How neere ſoever that man can be to mee,
From whom they ſhould have birth.

Ham. It is confirm'd.

Aub. Nor would you Captaine I beleeve refuſe,
Or for reſpect of thankfullneſſe or hopes,
To uſe your ſword with fulleſt confidence,
Where he ſhall bid you ſtrike.

Ham. I never have don.

Aub. Nor will I think.

Ham. I hope it is not queſtion'd.

Aub. The meanes to have it ſo is now propos'd you,
Draw, ſo, 'tis well, and next---cut off my head.
Tis ſir the Dukes pleaſure,
My innocence hath made me dangerous
And I muſt be remov'd, and you the man
Muſt act his will.

Ham. Ile be a traitor firſt,
Before I ſerve it thus.

Aub. It must be done,
And that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant,
But as you read, remember *Hamond* that
I never wrong'd one of your brave profession,
And though it be not manly, I must grieve
That man of whose love I was most ambitious,
Could finde no object for his hate but mee,
Ham. It is no time to talke now honour'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to heare thy servant, I am wrong'd
And cannot, being now to serve the Duke,
Stay to expresse the manner how, but
If I doe not suddenly give you strong proofes,
Your life is deerer to me then my owne,
May I live base and dye, so sir your pardon. *Exit. Ham.*
Au. I am both waies ruin'd, both waies mark'd for slaugh-
On every side about, behind, before mee, (ter,
My certain fate is fixt, were I knave now
I could avoid this: had my actions,
But meere relations to their own ends, *I* could scape now:
O honesty, thou elder child of vertue,
Thou seed of heaven, why to acquire thy goodnesse,
Should mallice and distrust stick thornes before us?
And make us swimme unto thee hung with hazards.
But heaven is got by suffering, not disputeing:
Say he know this before hand, where am *I* then?
Or say he doe not know it, where's my loyalty?
I know his nature troubled as the Sea,
And as the Sea devouring, where he is vex'd,
And *I* know Princes are their own expounders,
Am *I* afraid of death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in my innocence uprightly?
Have *I* met death in all his formes and fears,
Now on the points of swords, now pitcht on lances,
In fires, in stormes of arrowes, battles, breaches,
And shall *I* now shrink from him when he courts mee?
Smileing and full of Sanctity? ile meet him,
My loyall hand and heart shall give this to him,
And though it beare, beyond what Poets feigne,

A puniſhment; duty ſhall meet that paine,
And my moſt conſtant heart to doe him good, *Enter Meſſ.*
Shall check at neither pale affright nor bloud.
Meſſ. The Ducheſſe preſently would crave your preſence.
Aub. I come; and *Aubrey* now reſolve to keepe,
Thy honour living though thy body ſleepe. *Exit.*

Enter Edith and a boy.
A banquet ſet out.

Edith. Now for a Fathers murther and the ruine,
All chaſtity ſhall ſuffer if he raigne,
Thou bleſſed ſoule look downe and ſteel thy daughter,
Looke on the Sacrifice ſhe comes to ſend thee,
And through that bloudy cloud behold my piety.
Take from my cold heart feare, from my ſexe pitty,
And as *I* wipe theſe teares off, ſhed for thee,
So all remembrance may *I* looſe of mercy,
Give mee a womans anger, bent to bloud,
The wildneſſe of the winds to drowne his prayers,
Stormelike may my deſtruction fall upon him,
My rage like roving Billowes as they riſe,
Pour'd on his ſoule to ſinke it; give me flattery,
(For yet my conſtant ſoule nere knew diſſembling)
Flattery the food of fooles, that *I* may rock him,
And lull him in the downe of his deſires,
That in the height of all his hopes and wiſhes,
His Heaven forgot, and all his luſts upon him, (*Rollo.*
My hand like thunder from a cloud may ceize him, *Enter*
I heare him come, goe boy and entertaine him.

The Song.

Take ô take thoſe lipps away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworne,
And thoſe eyes like break of day,
Lights that doe miſlead the morne,
But my kiſſes bring againe,
Seales of love though ſeal'd in vaine.

Hide ô hide thoſe hills of Snow,
That thy frozen boſome beares,

On whose tops the pincks that grow,
Are yet of those that Aprill wears,
But first set my poore heart free,
Bound in those Icy chaines by thee.

Roll. What bright starre taking beauties forme upon her,
In all the happy lustre of heavens glory,
Has dropt downe from the skye to comfort mee?
Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee,
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kisse,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetnesse.

Edith. My gratious Lord, no diety dwells here,
Nor nothing of that vertue but obedience,
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Roll. Can it be flattery to sweare those eyes
Are loves eternall lamps, he fires all hearts with
That tongue the smart string to his bow; those sighes,
The deadly shafts he sends into our soules,
O look upon me with thy spring of beauty.

Edith. Your Grace is full of game.

Roll. By heaven my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she got thee. (out.

Edith. And thine on brambles, that hath prickt her heart

Roll. The sweetnesse of th'Arabian winde still blowing,
Vpon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures call thee Mistris.

Edith. Wilt please you sit Sir.

Roll. So you please sit by mee.
Faire gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The Excellency that appears upon thee
Tyes up my tongue, pray speak to mee.

Edith. Of what sir.

Roll. Of any thing, and any thing is excellent,
Will you take my direction, speak of love then,
Speak of thy faire selfe *Edith*, and whilst thou speakst,
Let me thus languishing give up my selfe wench.

Edith. Has a strange cunning tongue, why doe you sigh sir,

How

How masterly he turnes himselfe to catch me.
Rollo. The way to Paradise (my gentle maid)
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding
With all her holy helps the doore to enter,
Give me thy hand, what dost thou feele?
Edith. Your teares sir,
You weep extreamly: strengthen me now Iustice,
Why are these sorrowes Sir?
Rollo. Thou'lt never love me
If I should tell thee, and yet there is no way left
Ever to purchase this blest Paradise,
But swimming thither in these teares.
Edith. I stagger.
Rollo. Are they not drops of bloud?
Edith. No.
Rollo. They are for bloud then,
For guiltlesse bloud, and they must drop my *Edith*,
They must thus drop till I have drown'd my mischiefes.
Edith. If this be true I have no strength to touch him.
Rollo. Pree thee look upon me, turne not from me,
Ahlas I doe confesse I'me made of mischiefe,
Begot with all mens miseries upon me,
But see my sorrowes minde, and doe not thou learne,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softnesse,
Whose true condition tendernesse of nature.
Edith. My anger melts, ô I shall loose my justice.
Rollo. Doe not thou learne to kill with cruelty,
(Those blessed eyes) as I have done with mallice,
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorne,
As I deserve it Lady for my true love
When thou hadst loden me with earth for ever.
Take heed my sorrowes, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreames of death and horrour
Pursue thee not, no time shall tell thy griefes then,
Nor shall an houre of joy adde to thy beauties;
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father,
As I was smear'd in bloud doe thou not hate me,
But thus in whitenesse of my wash'd repentance

In my hearts teares and truth of love to *Edith*,
In my faire life hereafter.

Edith. He will foole me.

Rollo. O with thine Angell eyes behold and blesse me,
Of heaven we call for mercy, and obtaine it,
To justice for our right on earth, and have it,
Of thee *I* beg for love, save me, and give it.

Edith. Now heaven thy help, or *I* am gone for ever.
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pitty.

Enter Hamond and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doore safe, and upon paine of death
Let no man enter till *I* give the word.

Guard. We shall Sir.

Ham. Here he is in all his pleasure.

Rollo. I have my wish.
How now, why dost thou stare so?

Edith. A help *I* hope.

Rollo. What dost thou here? who sent thee?

Ham. My brother, and the base malitious office
Thou mad'st me doe to *Aubrey*: pray.

Rollo. Pray?

Ham. Pray,
Pray, if thou canst pray, *I* shall kill thy soule else,
Pray suddenly.

Rollo. Thou canst not be so traiterous.

Ham. *I*t is a justice: stay Lady,
For *I* perceive your end; a womans hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.

Edith. Tis my glory.

Ham. Tis mine, stay & share with me: By the Gods *Rollo*
There is no way to save thy life.

Rol. No?

Ham. No,
*I*t is so monstrous no repentance cures it. (bloud

Rollo. Why then thou shalt kill her first, and what this
Will cast upon thy cursed head.

Ham. Poore guard Sir.

Ed. Spare not brave Captaine.

Rol.

Rol. Feare or the divell ha thee.
Ham. Such feare Sir as you gave your honour'd mother,
When your most vertuous brother sheild-like held her,
Such Ile give you; put her away.
Rol. I will not,
I will not dye so tamely.
Ham. Murdrous villaine,
Wilt thou draw seas of bloud upon thee?
Edith. Feare not,
Kill him good Captaine any way dispatch him,
My bodyes honour'd with that sword that through me
Sends his black soule to hell, ô but for one hand.
Ham Shake him off bravely.
Edith. He's too strong, strike him.
Ham. O *I* am with you Sir, now keep you from him,
What has he got a knife?
Edith. Look to him Captaine
For now he will be mischievous.
Ham. Doe you smile Sir?
Does it so tickle you, have at you once more.
Edith. O bravely thrust, take heed he comes not in Sir,
To him againe, you give him too much respit.
Rollo. Yet wilt thou save my life, and ile forgive thee,
And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,
Call thee my friend.
Edith. Strike, strike and heare him not,
His tongue will tempt a Saint.
Rollo. O for my soules sake.
Edith. Save nothing of him.
Ham. Now for your farewell,
Are you so wary, take you that.
Rollo. Thou that too.
O thou hast kil'd me basely, basely, basely. *Dyes.*
Edith. The just reward of murder falls upon thee,
How doe you Sir, has he not hurt you?
Ham. No,
I feele not any thing. *Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, and Lords at the doore.*
Aub. I charge yee let us passe.

Guard.

Guard. Yee cannot yet sir.
Aub. Ile make my way then.
Guard. We are sworne to our Captaine,
And till he give the word. *Enter Soph. Matil. Aub.*
Ham. Now let 'em in there. *Lords and attendants.*
Soph. O there he lies, sorrow on sorrow seeks me,
O in his bloud he lies.
Aub. Had you spoke sooner this might have beene
Prevented, Take the Dutches,
And lead her off, this is no sight for her eyes.
Mat. O bravely done wench.
Edith. There stands the noble doer.
Mat. May honour ever seek thee for thy justice,
O 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A justice even for heaven to envy at.
Farewell my sorrowes, and my teares take truce,
My wishes are come round, ô bloudy brother,
Till this houre never beautious; till thy life
Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefes
Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous,
O how mine eyes are quarri'd with their joyes now,
My longing heart ev'n leaping out for lightnesse,
But, dye thy black sinnes with thee, I forgive thee.
Aub. Who did this deed?
Ham. I, and I will answer it. *Dyes.*
Edith. He faints, ô that same curs'd knife has kil'd him.
Aub. How?
Edith. He snatcht it from my hand for whom I bore it,
And as they grappell'd?
Aub. Iustice is ever equall.
Had it not been on him th'had'st dy'de too honest.
Did you know of his death?
Edith. Yes, and rejoyce in't.
Aub. I am sorry for your youth then, for though the (strictnesse
Of law shall not fall on you, that of life must presently;
Goe, to a Cloyster presently carry her,
And there for ever lead your life in penitence.
Edith. Best father to my soule, I give you thanks Sir

And

And now my faint revenges have their ends,
My vowes shall be my kin, my prayers my friends. *Exit.*

Enter Latorch and Iuglers.

Lator. Stay there, ile step in and prepare the Duke.
Norb. We shall have brave rewards.
Fisk. That's without question. *(Aubrey.*
Lator. By this time where's my huffing friend Lord
Where's that good gentleman --- O I could laugh now,
And burst my selfe with meere imagination,
A wise man and a valiant man, a just man
Should suffer himselfe to be juggl'd out of the world,
By a number of poore Gipsies: farewell swash-buckler,
For I know thy mouth's cold enough by this time,
A hundred on yee I can shave as neatly,
And nere draw bloud in show: now shall my honour
My power and vertue walke alone; my pleasure
Observ'd by all, all knees bent to my worship,
All sute's to mee, as faint of all their fortunes
Preferr'd and crowded too: what full place of credit
And what place now? your Lordship? no 'tis common,
But that ile think to morrow on, now for my businesse.
Aub. Who's there.
Lator. Ha dead? my maister dead? *Aubrey* a live too?
Guard. Latorch sir.
Aub. Ceize his body.
Lator. O my fortune,
My maister dead?
Aub. And you within this halfe houre
Prepare your selfe good Divell, you must to it,
Millions of gold shall not redeeme thy mischiefes,
Behold the justice of thy practise villaine,
The masse of murders thou hast drawne upon us,
Behold thy Doctrine, you look now for reward sir,
To be advanc'd Ime sure for all your labours,
And you shall have it: make his Gallowes higher
By twenty foot at the least, and then advance him.
Lator. Mercy, mercy, 'tis too late foole. *Exit Lator.*
Aub. Such as you meant for mee, away with him,

What peeping knaves are those, bring 'em in fellowes;
Now, what are you?
Nor. Mathematicians,
And it like your Lordship.
Aub. And ye drew a figure.
Fisk. We have drawn many.
Aub. For the Duke I mean sir.
Latorches knaves you are.
Norb. We know the gentleman.
Aub. What did he promise yee.
Nor. We are paid already.
Aub. But I will see you better paid, goe whip 'em.
Nor. We doe beseech your Lordship, we were hired.
Aub. I know you were and you shall have your hire,
Whip 'em extreamely, whip that Doctour there,
Till he record himselfe a rogue.
Nor. I am one Sir.
Aub. Whip him for being one, and when they'r whipt
Lead 'em to the gallowes to see their Patron hang'd;
Away with 'em.
Nor. Ah good my Lord. *Exeunt Jugglers.*
Aub. Now to mine owne right Gentlemen.
Lord. 1. You have the next indeed, we all confesse it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.
Lord. 2. Which to make stronger to you and the surer;
Then bloud or mischiefe dare infringe againe;
Behold this Lady sir, this noble Lady,
Full of that bloud as you are, of that neerenesse,
How blessed would it be?
Aub. I apprehend yee,
And so the faire *Matilda* dare accept mee,
Her ever constant servant.
Mat. In all pureness,
In all humillity of heart and service,
To the most noble *Aubrey* I submit mee.
Aub. Then this our first tye, now to our businesse.
Lor. 1. W'are ready all to put that honour on you.
Aub. These sad rights must be done first. Take up the bodies,
This as he was a Prince so princely funerall
Shall

Shall waite upon him: On this honeſt Captaine
The decency of Armes, a teare for him too.
Goe ſadly on, and as we view his bloud,
May his example in our rule raiſe good. *Exeunt.*

Floriſh.

FINIS.